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NO RAIN!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The heavens are brass—the seas are locked,
And the Warder Angel hath lost the key—
Thy smitten people, accurst and mocked,
Utter a terrible cry to Thee:
"Woe for the harvests our toil hath sown,
Whose gold shall not brighten the blasted land,
For the blight on the bough, and the bud unblown,
For the spectre that lifteth her menacing hand."

The Wilderness hideth her haggard brows,
The Well-springs wither in desert places;
The hills, discrowned of their festal boughs,
Stare on with stony inscrutable faces!
Under the molten abysmal skies,
Watched by the ghosts of unpeopled lands,
Lifeless and shrunken the gray sea lies,
A foul corse rotting on livid sands!

The lark hath forgotten her matin tryst,
No more in the bracken her wild wings stir,
When the Sun peers out of a lurid mist
Like the blood-shotten eye of a murderer;
Where the serried ranks of the wheat and corn
Flashed in the sunlight of fruitful years,
Like bannered battalions that take the Morn,
Famine her ghastly symbol rears!

In the noisome sloughs of the festering bog
The moan of the perishing kine is still;
The vulture swoops through the crawling fog,
And the raven croaks on the barren hill.
No more, on the brows of Earth, are shed
The dews of the Night and the cloud begotten;
But far in her solitudes, waste and dread,
The winds are dead, and their graves forgotten.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

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WILL. HAWLEY BECOMES PRIME MINISTER TO "HIS MAJESTY."

CHAPTER VII.

HAWLEY BECOMES PRIME MINISTER.

The new-comer was the strangest object in human shape that had ever fallen under Hawley's notice.

He was rather short of stature, and naturally inclined to corpulency, although his frame was now spare, and his features so thin that his cheek-bones seemed prominent and his eyes sunken. His complexion would have been pallid, if it had not been for the factitious hues given to his skin by the sun and wind. His mouth was wide, his chin sharp, his beard short and scanty, and his whole aspect was rather wild and gloomy than repulsive or menacing.

Hawley saw at a glance that this strange personage was *not* the man who had assaulted him the previous day, and the fact added not a little to the wonderment with which he gazed upon him.

The dress of the new-comer, so far as it was visible, consisted of a single garment—an immense robe of seal skin, which was drawn close around his neck, and secured at the waist by a belt of the same material, and which trailed upon the ground at least a yard behind the feet of the wearer.

If anything had been wanting, after the first glance, to tell Will. that this man had lost his reason, it would have been supplied by this extraordinary garment, and by the solemn dignity with which it was worn.

"Ho, ho!" repeated the stranger. "I was not mistaken, then? 'Tis really a fellow-creature that I see before me! Art friend or foe?"

"That depends upon the way in which I am treated," replied Will. quietly, with a vivid recollection of the assault he had so lately suffered.

"Well said! Ho, ho! Verily thou art a young man of spirit. But I really and truly see thee?"

"Certainly. Hast doubts upon that point?" demanded Will., as he thrust into his pocket the strange manuscript which had come so singularly into his possession.

"Yes, I have—I've been here alone so long—"

"Touch me, if thou requirest the proof," offered Will., as he stepped forth from the little stone hut which had been built by the three pirates.

The madman reached out his hand with a slow motion and a doubting air. The joyous relief he experienced, when his bony hand came in contact with the solid flesh of our hero, was expressed in every possible manner—by his looks, gestures, smiles and exclamations.

"It is indeed so!" he murmured, drawing a long breath. "Verily, thou art a living man! Not like all the rest—phantoms! Verily, a new day has come for me! Ho, ho!"

He wrapped his vast mantle of seal skin around him, with a pompous air, and began strutting to and fro upon the level table of the hill, with the solemnity of a monarch engaged in some grand ceremony of state. Now and then he cast upon Will. a glance intended to be gracious and benignant.

Will. took his cue at once. He was lonely—almost despairing. The company of a madman was better than no company. Even a madman might be able to give him some information, and render him some service. Will. divined, too, that grave interests might be bound up in this wrecked life, and that this was an occasion for the exercise of mildness, conciliation, and a hearty cheerfulness, as well as that pitying interest which naturally flooded his breast.

He saw that the madman fancied himself some consequential potentate, and realized that the best way of getting along with him, even as a matter of policy—at least for the present—was to accept him at his own estimation, and to treat all his hallucinations with every possible indulgence.

"Right glad am I to see thee," declared the madman, pausing suddenly in his walk, and clapping Will. familiarly upon the shoulder. "How art thou named?"

"My name is Hawley, sire."

"Hawley? Plain Mr. Hawley?"

Our hero assented.

"Then thou art a subject, Mr. Hawley?"

"Exactly, sire—your majesty's most faithful and loyal subject."

"It is well!" exclaimed the madman, with a start of pleased surprise. "My imperial pleasure is great. Whence comest thou?"

"From the high places of your imperial majesty's dominions."

"For what purpose?"

"To be near—to serve your majesty."

"'Tis well! 'Tis better and better! Ho, ho!"

He extended his hand with a gesture meant to be majestic, and which was really full of grave dignity. Will. could have wished this hand to be cleaner, but it was not an occasion on which it seemed advisable to be too particular, and he accordingly shook the proffered member with a gravity worthy of the high and mighty covenant between Abraham and the king of Sodom.

"Your majesty's joy at seeing me is perfectly reciprocated," declared Will. "Let us hope that this is a fortunate day for us both. Your majesty is not Alexander the Great?"

The madman gravely shook his head.

"Nor Charlemagne?"

"No, my loyal Hawley. Who *could* I be, exiled as I am to a sterile rock in mid-ocean?" And he smiled with a lofty pride. "Who *should* I be?"

"Ah, I see!" said Will. "Thou art the illustrious prisoner of St. Helena! That art the great Napoleon!"

"The great Napoleon himself! He and no other!"

Will. saluted the great monarch with the proper and necessary respect.

"Certain fools and knaves will tell you that I am dead," continued the madman, "but don't believe them—"

"Believe them, sire? Can't I see with my own eyes that thou art living?"

"Just so! That is the suggestion I was about to make. The said rogues will even show thee a tomb, my brave Hawley, at Paris, should'st thou ever go there, in the Church of the Invalids, which is said to contain my body—"

"The dolts! Can't I see that your body is here before my eyes at this moment?" Will. hastened to say.

"Of course, as I was about to suggest," cried the madman, more and more pleased with his companion. "I see, my glorious Hawley, that we are indeed well met. We shall get on famously together."

"I am sure of that, your majesty. And so thou art still at St. Helena? Dost never think of escape?"

"Day and night—since the death of Sir Hudson Lowe!"

"What! is Sir Hudson dead?"

"Certainly—they're *all* dead, every soul of them—all of my jailers, and all the inhabitants!"

"Indeed! And the port of Jamestown?"

"It has sunk beneath the waves—been blotted out entirely. I spent more than four weeks looking for it, but found no trace of it. Fact is, the island itself is undergoing a great change. It's nothing like the St. Helena of my first acquaintance!"

"Sire! Your majesty surprises me!"

"Well, you needn't be surprised at anything, for I am not, I can assure you. Such changes and upheavals as I have witnessed! Such troubles, too, if I must say so—such annoyances, such downright outrages! It does seem sometimes as if I should go crazy."

He seated himself dejectedly upon a large stone, and drew his vast train solemnly around him.

"Why, what's the trouble!" Hawley ventured to inquire.

"Trouble? To begin with, they've all deserted me," explained the madman. "No sooner did my own followers hear of the death of Sir Hudson and the rest, than they all fled clandestinely, embarking for France, where, I dare say, the heartless villains have taken service with the Bourbons. Would you have thought such a thing of Bertrand? Even Las Casas has left me. And as to Josephine—my peerless Josephine—I have not once seen her since that awful morning, nearly two years ago—two summers and two winters—when, on awakening from my slumbers, I found myself utterly alone and abandoned!"

He began to groan lugubriously, and even gave way to a brief shower of tears. This conduct was not Napoleonic, it must be confessed, but in all cases certain weaknesses and shortcomings of "poor human nature" are allowable, even to a man who imagines himself to be Napoleon.

"That date of two years ago is suggestive," said Hawley to himself. "It indicates that this poor fellow is the author of that strange chronicle in my pocket—is Mr. Jude Breeling himself."

He fell into a deep fit of abstraction, from which he was aroused by the voice of the madman, who said:

"Thou art sad, my loyal Hawley!"

"Pardon, sire! I was just wondering if we are entirely alone upon this island. Has your majesty seen a ship lately?"

"No. It must be now nearly a year since the only ship I've seen called here for water. I did not see her in time to communicate with her. Besides, if I had seen her in time— It becomes *me* to be suspicious."

"Thou art sure, sire, that thou sawest nothing of any ship yesterday?"

"Perfectly sure."

"May I ask where your majesty was during the afternoon, and especially during the last half of the afternoon?"

"Why, I was some miles away to the southward, in the interior of St. Helena."

"May I inquire what your majesty was doing there?"

"I was looking for Longwood—which has certainly shared the fate of Jamestown, as I can find no trace of it."

"Then your majesty did not see me at all yesterday?"

"No, my dear Hawley—neither yesterday nor at any other time. I never saw you until a few minutes ago, when you was in the act of descending this hill beside us."

This was said with such good-nature and good faith that Hawley could not doubt it.

"Since your majesty did not see me yesterday," he said, "you could not have assaulted me."

"Assaulted you?"

"And since your majesty did *not* assault me, I'd like to know *who did?*"

"You were assaulted by *somebody*, then?"

"I was, sire—assaulted at Table Rock from behind with a stone, and nearly killed!"

The madman made such a gesture of horror and distress, that Hawley's belief in his entire innocence was confirmed.

"I merely caught a glimpse of the assailant," added Hawley. "Now who can he be?"

"I have an idea as to the rascal's identity," said the madman, arising and approaching Will., "and it is my duty to be frank with you. Know then, my dear Hawley, that, in all probability, we are not alone upon this island."

"Not alone? Who is here with us?"

"A madman!"

"A—a—"

"A madman!" repeated his pretended majesty, lowering his voice, and looking nervously around. "I have never been able to get a glimpse of the rascal—as you did, it seems—but I am sure that he is here."

"You astonish me!"

"Oh, it's almost certain. On that terrible morning to which I have referred—the morning, some two years ago, when I found myself alone and abandoned—my first impression was that there was a crazy man around, and I've looked for the rogue more or less ever since."

"But have not found him?"

"No. I was not long in getting track of him, however, as you shall see. The first time I ascended the hill here beside us, I found he had set up there a piece of spar for a flag-staff, and had hung out a bit of sail-cloth for a flag—evidently with some idea of taking possession of St. Helena, and of announcing the fact to the world. You should have seen me put out his light! Ho, ho!" And the madman smiled at the recollection.

"You didn't tolerate the intrusion, then?"

"Not a bit of it. Ho, ho! I sent his old flag-staff head over heels, flag and all, and there it has lain on the ground ever since."

"And the—the madman has made no attempt to dispute your free and undivided sovereignty of St. Helena?" asked Hawley.

"No, he hasn't. As I said, I have not been able to get a glimpe of him. He hasn't even made an attempt to set up anew his crazy flag and flag-staff."

Hawley drew from his pocket the strange manuscript he had found attached to the improvised flag-staff in question, and proceeded to unfold it, with a gesture that called the madman's attention to it, and said:

"Here's something, sire, that confirms your majesty's theory of the presence of a madman on the island."

"Something that confirms it? It is the living proof itself, my loyal Hawley!"

"Ah, your majesty has read the document then?"

"O dear, no. I tried to read it, after throwing down the flag-staff, on the occasion referred to, but it's such a lot of crazy rubbish that I couldn't make head or tail of it, and so gave up the job. I tied the thing up again very carefully and left it where I found it, thinking it might serve as a sort of a bait for the discovery of the fellow that wrote it. Did you read it?"

"I looked it over a little."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Why, it seems to me a very strange document—"

"Strange? It's the essence of Bedlam! The rogue pretends he has got a million buried somewhere on St. Helena. But he lets his cat out of the bag neatly enough before he gets through."

"How so?"

"Why, he owns up that he's crazy, and then says that he wants to be taken care of and nursed, and made much of, and cured—and *then* he'll do wonderful things for you, in return for all your kindness! Pretty transparent that, my dear Hawley."

"Thou hast seen nothing of any such treasure, sire?"

"No, nor has any other man."

"Thou hast never even searched for it?"

"O dear, no. Why should I? I shouldn't search for it even if I knew that it really existed. Why should I? I have four hundred millions in the cellars of the Tuileries, whenever I choose to go back to Paris."

"Perhaps it will be your majesty's duty to go back to France soon," suggested Hawley.

"It has all along been my intention to go back there—at the right moment, you know. And it strikes me, my dear Hawley, that you will be of great assistance to me to that end."

"Doubtless, sire, and your majesty may rest assured that my best efforts—"

"See here, Hawley," interrupted the madman, with a sudden start. "Why shouldn't we at once enter into the proper relations with each other for the accomplishment of all these great objects?"

"The proper relations, sire?"

"Exactly, my dear Hawley. My imperial pleasure in your conversation has deepened every minute since you came. I am convinced—nay, I know—that thou art one of the best and most capable of men. I accordingly invite thee to become my prime minister."

"O sire! your majesty is too good, too generous!" cried Hawley, with a profound inclination.

"You accept this high post, then?"

"With ten thousand thanks, since your majesty deigns to think me worthy of such honor!"

"Enough! My prime minister thou art from this moment! And this is as it should be. Nothing could be better. Ho, ho!"

Again the madman swelled himself up and strutted back and forth a few moments, and then he passed his arm through Hawley's, and said:

"Now that thou art my prime minister, it will hardly do for thee to remain plain Mr. Hawley. Thou must have a title!"

"That's so, sire—now that we think of it."

"Very well. What shall it be?"

"Anything your majesty pleases, of course. If I might make a suggestion, however—"

"Why, of course—of course! What is a prime minister for, if not to make suggestions and to offer counsels, and, in short, to take the chief burdens of state from the shoulders of his sovereign?"

"With your majesty's gracious permission, therefore, I will suggest the title of Admiral, and for several reasons. Our empire is at present an empire of the seas, and it will accordingly be well to organize upon a nautical basis."

"I see! Capital!"

"And as our present business is to compass the ways and means of crossing the water—"

"Better and better! Say no more, my dear Hawley. Admiral shall be thy title—Lord High Admiral of St. Helena! The thing's soon settled. Ho, ho! But come, my dear Admiral," added the madman, tightening his hold upon Will.'s arm and drawing him away. "Let's go down to my cabin."

"To your cabin, sire?"

"Yes, to my cabin—to the only shelter that's left me since Longwood was swallowed up by those convulsions which have so changed St. Helena. I long to install thee in thy new residence, as well as in thy new office. This way, Admiral. I am delighted at having thee with me! Everything is sure to go on swimmingly, now that the star of my destiny has brought us together! Ho, ho!"

And arm in arm the new prime minister and his sovereign walked away, the latter directing their course.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADDING WORKS TO HIS FAITH.

Capt. Pedder, on taking leave of Mrs. Hawley, after the business call we have described, had directed his steps toward Broadway, and joined the tide of pedestrians which at that hour of the morning was setting down town.

The thoughts to which we left the jubilant plotter continued to possess him.

"There's no mistake about it," ran his busy musings. "Our little plot will be a splendid success. Hawley himself is languishing among the rocks of Desolation, with a very faint prospect indeed of ever getting away. And Mrs. Hawley, the peerless, the magnificent! is being caught by my arts, just as certainly as any trout was ever caught by the hook of an angler."

His breath came quicker; he clutched at the wrists of his gloves nervously; his eyes acquired an additional gleam; his step became still more brisk and elastic—such was the exciting certainty with which his coming triumph presented itself to his mind at that moment.

A deep, hollow laugh suddenly pierced through all the hum of Broadway to Pedder's hearing.

"All goes well, I see," said a voice as deep and hollow as the laugh.

The smile upon Pedder's face deepened as he looked in the direction from which the voice and laugh had proceeded—into Houston street, now just ahead of him.

"Ah, there you are, Tom!" he greeted. "Glad to see you again."

"And I am equally glad, Captain, to see you so pleased and hearty."

The couple continued to advance, Pedder down Broadway and his friend along Houston street, until they met upon the south-west corner formed by the intersection of the two streets, where they shook hands cordially.

The new-comer was no other, of course, than the "Tom" we have seen with Pedder before—Tom Breeling—who, as plain "Mr. Breeling," had just made the round voyage in the *Flying Childers*. He was the same ruffian who had served many years as an ally and confederate in much of Pedder's wickedness, as already stated in our narration—the same Tom Breeling who, in a wild and outlandish disguise, had taken Hawley captive at Desolation, and the same villain who had started the clipper's water casks during a squall, so as to create a suitable excuse for calling at that island.

The best friend of the ruffian would have required all the favor of daylight to recognize him on the occasion of this meeting with Pedder.

For Tom had now been ashore a week, with plenty of money, Pedder having paid him well for the share he had taken in the plot against Hawley, and in this week's time the flourishing villain had got himself up into the loudest and most stunning of suits, with a necktie to frighten a horse, and a vest to put to flight a zebra. Had Pedder then and there turned him adrift, the gorgeous ruffian could have secured without difficulty a paying situation as a perambulating advertisement of a "dollar jewelry store," such was the profusion of pins and rings and watch chain by which his ample front was bedizened.

"You turn up at just the right moment," said Pedder. "I was intending to call around at your house immediately."

"Another job for me, eh?" returned Tom.

"Well, yes—or rather a little more work on the same job that has already paid you so handsomely."

"You refer to that Hawley business?"

"Certainly. You've been to breakfast, I suppose?"

"Well, no, Captain, I haven't. Was out late last evening, and have just got up."

"Let's have a steak and a cup of coffee, while we talk up matters," proposed Pedder, leading the way down the steps of "Florence's," which at that day was the best of the restaurants in that quarter of the town. "I took breakfast at home, of course, but I was too nervous to eat anything to speak of."

The couple were soon in possession of a private room, and their order given.

"You've been adorning your outer man, I see," resumed Pedder, when the waiter had vanished with his order. "Been all right, I hope, since our arrival?"

"Perfectly. And you, Captain?"

"Never was more flourishing."

"I could see, the moment I set eyes on you, that your courtship of the fair 'widow' is prospering. You look as contented as if the day were already named, and the Rev. Mr. Moody engaged to make you twain one flesh."

"Oh, I have not pushed things to that extent, Tom," said Pedder. "There are cases, you know, in all the affairs of life, where the old motto comes in aptly—'The more haste, the less speed.' I've adopted this old saw in this instance, and you needn't be surprised, therefore, at hearing that I have just now made my first call upon Mrs. Hawley. I left her not fifteen minutes ago!"

"Well, how is her ladyship?"

"More beautiful than ever, in her widow's weeds! I got Moody to break the sad news to her—in fact, I've made quite a cat's-paw of the honest old pulpit pounder, using him to say and do lots of things that could not be said and done by me in person."

"And she thinks that the fishes have really devoured her adored husband?"

"Oh, of course."

"How does she take the affliction?"

"Very hard indeed. I think she would have died if it hadn't been for her baby—"

"The deuce! She has a baby then?"

"Yes, a boy—"

"You don't tell me! Well, that boy is a farce not put down in your little tragedy."

"It's true, and I was a little annoyed the first time I heard of the boy's existence; but reflection, you know, assists one out of all difficulties, and I now regard the boy as a very good thing in his way—"

"Why, how can that be?"

"Well, he has saved his mother's life, I think, and so preserved her for her next husband—"

"There *is* something in that."

"And then the little imp is not in the way at all, as I see, for even the dear Mr. Moody has seen him only once during all the week that the reverend gentleman has been running there."

"I see. Your view of the case is quite sound."

"And it just now occurred to me that we can turn that baby to good account, in case I

should have a 'hard road to travel' in wooing the fair mother. I can have the little imp lost, you see, and then I can have him found, which all makes business, conversation, acquaintance, affection, or what not. Then I can have him carried off by some bold villain—yourself, for instance—and hidden for days or weeks; and at the right time I can pursue and overtake the vile abductor of helpless innocence, and restore the miniature Hawley to his fond feminine parent—to receive such gratitude and consideration as I shall merit."

"By thunder, Captain! you have a head for downright rascality that leaves me a long ways in the rear," said Tom admiringly. "If I'd had your head for business, old Astor would have long since retired from being the richest man in America."

"But since you haven't that head," said Pedder, "the best thing you can do is to let me do the planning, as heretofore, while you continue to carry my plans into execution, exactly as you have so long been doing."

"I ask for no better business."

"Then be at my right hand constantly until Mrs. Hawley becomes Mrs. Luke Pedder. To succeed in what I have undertaken—as I must and will succeed—is a work of great skill and patience. I can't intrude upon the lady; I can't seize her and carry her off, bandit fashion; a blood-and-thunder courtship is out of the question. We are all moving in a matter-of-fact sphere, with nothing dramatical about it, and hence tearing and ranting would here be out of place. The basis of my courtship of the fair 'widow' consists in making myself useful to her, and in manufacturing business to bring us together—"

The waiter serving the couple here made his appearance with their breakfast, but was not long in leaving them to themselves.

"And now, what is it that you want done?" asked Tom, as he began eating.

"As I was about to say to you, when we were talking about Mrs. Hawley, I feel perfectly sure of soon becoming her husband. But I have this one point in common with St. Paul, that I believe in 'works' even more implicitly than in 'faith.'"

"I've seen that 'works' come natural to you," said Tom, smiling. "For instance, the day we made Desolation, you burnt into a piece of oar-blade a very affecting epitaph of one William Hawley who 'fell from this spot,' and whose 'body was not found.' Ha, ha! It makes me laugh to think with what sensations the poor dupe himself must have read it, the first time he visited Table Rock after our departure."

"Well, yes—that little point was well managed," assented Pedder complacently. "As I had prepared that epitaph beforehand, and taken it ashore in my pocket, all I had to do thereafter was to be the last one to leave Table Rock, and to improve my last moment there in sticking up the sad announcement in a conspicuous position. It told Hawley why he had been left, and left me free from suspicion, so that I could meet him to-morrow—if by any chance he should get away from the island—as his best and dearest friend, which he no doubt considers me."

"It's funny though," said Tom, laughing again, "to think of the poor dupe as prowling around the island with a stick of wood in his hand, for want of a better weapon, and searching night and day for the extraordinary 'madman' who assaulted him. Ha, ha! that is *too* rich! It'll be a long time, I think, before he sees anything of a madman—unless he should run mad himself and look at his reflection in the water."

"It's 'works,' therefore, that we must keep adding to our 'faith'—to come back to business," remarked Pedder—"and I'll now tell you in what way a new crop of 'works' are about to sprout."

"Say on, Captain. I've spent an awful amount of money since the *Childers* got into port, and am now ready to resume business."

"I've just seen Mrs. Hawley, as I said," proceeded Pedder. "She received me as she would any other friend who has been very kind and good to her—that is to say, with gratitude and esteem, two very nice qualities upon which to build a temple of love."

"The deuce, Captain! You're getting poetical!"

"I'm always that way, you know, when ladies are concerned, for the fair sex is essentially poetical. Mrs. Hawley received me, therefore—not precisely as she would have received a brother perhaps, for she didn't cling to me as she would have clung to a brother, nor press her fond cheeks and lips to mine; but she did receive me in a way that was as pleasant in the present as promising for the future—in a way that told me, as plainly as words could have done, that, in a few months more or less, she will be Mrs. Luke Pedder."

"So far good! And now what's to be done to deepen the good impression you have made."

"My call upon the lady to-day was one of business—not only in pretence but in fact. Through the exercise of my influence with Minnell & Co., I had the pleasure of bearing to Mrs. Hawley from them a check to her order for five hundred dollars, with a neat letter, in liquidation of their indebtedness to her husband. Minnell & Co. wrote her that they based their action upon the very flattering report I had made to them concerning her husband, and that little mention of me was most effective, I can assure you. You should have seen the tears in the fair creature's eyes, and the looks she gave me through those tears."

"Glorious! Things are indeed working."

"And having thus started fairly on the race," went on Pedder lightly, "I told her ladyship a cock-and-bull story about a venture I had induced her husband to make the very morning we sailed—a venture in boots for the Australian market, ten cases of kip and rubber, bought at fifty dollars per case, and sold at two hundred and fifty. I told her that her husband had paid for these boots by giving his note for ten months, with my endorsement, and that after providing for this note, the venture had netted her the round sum of two thousand dollars, which sum I handed her on the spot in a check to her order."

"Whew! How you do slash things when you set about it! Two thousand dollars! And Minnell & Co.'s five hundred! Why, you've made her a rich woman! What was your object? But I see what your object was, of course."

"Of course you do, for my object—or rather my several objects—are as plain as the nose on your face. In the first place, just think of the gratitude I awaken and create and call forth by that proceeding! In the second place, I keep her from thoughts of opening a thread-and-needle store, or some vulgar business of the kind; I keep her where she is, with the certainty that she will have leisure to think of my goodness to her; and at the same time I make a friend and veritable ally of her landlady, Mrs. Piper. And finally, I open a wide road to those good 'works' without which no 'faith' is perfect—not only in St. Paul's estimation, but in mine."

"A road opened, eh?" muttered Tom, scratching his head. "I don't see this idea so clearly."

"But you will in just three quarters of a second. I have called upon Mrs. Hawley, and rendered her some service, but our relations were not such as to warrant me in expecting an invitation to call again. I didn't raise the question, therefore—I took a better course: I counterfeited a deep emotion, and tore myself away from the lady without waiting for an invitation to call again—which invitation might or might not have been given."

"But you intend to call again, of course?"

"Certainly, and within three days. Instead, however, of leaving anything to chance, or to a woman's whim, I have laid out my course of action in such a way that Mrs. Hawley is sure to send for me—to invoke my aid as that of a friend—in short, to count upon my services as directly as she would count upon those of a brother."

"Bravo! The game is getting interesting. But how are these relations to be established?"

"I will tell you. A trusty fellow named Tom Breeling will contrive to rob Mrs Hawley of her checks aforesaid within twenty-four hours—"

"Ah! that's not so easy."

"No, it's not. The job is full of difficulty, but I know your capabilities, and what you have done heretofore, and I am perfectly certain that in some way, by hook or by crook, you will manage to secure those checks. As your wife was once a nurse, and as there is a baby in the house, your wife may be able to assist you in the robbery, or at least pave the way to it. Or you may take a cast of the keys, or use your skeleton keys, or slip into the house under almost any pretence. But whatever your ways and means, I am sure about the results, and am certain that within twenty-four hours the checks will be in my hands, even if it should be necessary for you to enter Mrs. Hawley's sleeping apartment to get them."

Tom touched a call bell nervously.

"This isn't a job to be undertaken on a milk diet," he muttered. "I must have some brandy."

The brandy was soon brought, and the plotters were again left to themselves.

"It's deuced dangerous," Tom then said. "It may amount to a downright 'breaking and entering' before I get through. Suppose I am caught at it?"

"Why, at the very worst, you'll be put upon reasonable bail, and allowed to run away—I, of course, standing the loss. But you won't be caught at it: you'll do the job with all the cleverness with which you are in the habit of doing these things. It's here that all your old education and experience will come to your aid."

"Well, it's a go, of course," said Tom, with quiet decision, as he tossed off a second dram of brandy. "A reasonable man will, of course, stop short of murder; but in New York, if he is backed by plenty of money, he needn't stop short of anything else."

"It's a bargain then, with the understanding that I pay you for the job according to the difficulties you encounter?"

"Yes; with this further understanding, that you also pay me according to the benefits you reap from the transaction."

"Agreed to, of course."

"Then at daylight to-morrow the checks will be in your hands. They will not be drawn or deposited, for to-day is a holiday—the 'ever glorious Fourth,' you know—"

"Yes; and that circumstance has been duly considered," said Pedder quietly. "Those checks were not given to Mrs. Hawley, of course, until I had thought of a plan for making them useful. The whole matter, then, is fully settled and understood between us?"

"Perfectly. I don't see all your ideas yet, but enough for the present. Shall I bring the checks to you?"

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning, if you can secure them in time."

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning I shall call at your house and bring the checks with me."

"Good! I see that your name is still Tom Breeling. And as nothing more remains to be said, and as our breakfast is finished, we'll proceed to business elsewhere—you in your way and I in mine."

The couple separated at the entrance of the restaurant, Pedder springing into a Fulton Ferry stage that was passing. Tom looked after his employer with a singular gleam of speculation in his eyes.

"He'll marry the fair 'widow,' certain," he muttered, "and I shall as certainly quarter myself upon him for the rest of my life. I can't be taking these risks eternally for a mere bread and butter consideration. This little plot against Hawley is just as sure to make my fortune, as it is to make Pedder's felicity, or my name's not Tom Breeling."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

Little Willie Ainsworth perched himself on big Will. Hartly's knee, and proceeded deliberately to his self-appointed duty of making that gentleman uncomfortable enough, though, to do the youngster justice, he hadn't the slightest idea of what he was about.

"Mr. Hartly, do you know what my sister Nell. says you are?"

Mr. Hartly's face told of both ignorance and interest. Truth to tell, Miss Nellie Ainsworth's opinion was just then of considerable importance to him. His small companion scarcely waited his negative, but went on.

"She says you're a lazy spendthrift. What's that, Mr. Hartly?"

The gentleman's handsome face flushed hotly, and without answering the child's question, he put him hastily down, and rose to his feet. He would probably have left the house without waiting for the lady whom he had called to see, but at that moment she entered. He scarcely touched her outstretched hand, but, after a very distant greeting, said:

"Miss Ainsworth, will you please tell me upon what premises you base your conclusion that I am 'a lazy spendthrift?'"

One glance at her little brother's tell-tale face revealed to the young lady the whole state of the case. Certainly she was courageous, for she answered immediately, though the rich scarlet in her cheeks told its own story of embarrassment.

"I think you are lazy, Mr. Hartly, because you are well and do nothing. I think you are a spendthrift, because—" Here she hesitated, and glanced far more expressively than she was aware over to the little alcove where, in their delicate brown wicker frame-work, the rarest of exotics danced in the pleasant breeze.

"Oh, I understand," said he, in a sort of proud bitterness, interpreting aright both her hesitation and her glance. "Perhaps some day you will find that you have done me injustice. Until then I will bid you good-bye." And with one little frigid inclination, Mr. Hartly had gone.

Left to herself, Miss Nellie Ainsworth, with most humiliating inconsistency, burst into tears.

"The idea," she murmured between her sobs, "of my daring to criticise Will. Hartly! And I didn't know anything about it either—only what Aunt Nancy said; and she don't like him, just because she wants me to marry somebody else. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

And under the influence of this last emotion, Miss Ainsworth sat down to her writing table and hastily dashed off the following little note:

"I am sure that I have done you injustice, and write to beg your pardon. That speech was a hasty one, and was made in consequence of reports which I had no business to credit. Will you forgive me? And allow me to be

"Your friend, NELLIE AINSWORTH."

She finished this with a sigh of satisfaction; then, after folding and directing it, left the room.

A moment after Willie Ainsworth entered, and looking at the envelope lying so innocently on the rosewood desk, he said:

"Oh, it's for Mr. Hartly. I guess I'll take it down to him, and make him give me a ride." And the self-constituted post-office seized the billet, and hurried out toward Mr. Hartly's residence.

Mr. Hartly's handsome horse stood prancing at the gate, and once on the back of the spirited animal, the note in Willie's pocket was as entirely forgotten as though it had never been written.

"I can't give you a very long ride, Willie," said Mr. Hartly to his delighted namesake. "I am going away in the evening train."

"Where to?" asked the disappointed little fellow; "and how long are you going to stay?"

"I'm going a great many miles off, and I don't exactly know how long I shall remain." With which the small questioner was forced to be content.

A few moments after they parted, and Willie returned home with his news. His sister's anxiety concerning the mysterious disappearance of her note was forgotten in these new disclosures, and so Master Willie escaped without question or censure. As he was undressing that night, the note slipped from his little pocket and fell upon the floor. He picked it up, and his childish face showed considerable perplexity.

"I ought to ha' given it to him this afternoon," he murmured. "I'll keep it till he gets home, an' then give it to him."

And having hidden it safely away in the bottom of his little tool chest, Master Will. said his prayers, and crawled into bed with a pleasant sense of duty done.

Six months passed by, and Will. Hartly returned. During his absence his friends had learned that he had completed his studies for the medical profession two or three years previous, and, being rich, had been treating, all along, the poor people in the suburbs. These he had doctored freely and continuously, and the townsfolks' knowledge of this fact will explain why Will. Hartly, on his return to his native town, should find himself transformed into a hero.

Nelly Ainsworth avoided him conscientiously.

"If I could have shown him that I believed in him before everything was proved, I wouldn't have cared," she mused sadly; "but now, as it is, I don't want to see him."

And for some time she succeeded in keeping out of the gentleman's way; but one evening, as she and Willie were standing by the gate, he came down the street on horseback.

"Oh, Mr. Hartly, Mr. Hartly," called the boy loudly, much to her dismay.

The gentleman reined in his horse, with a bow to the lady.

"I want you to finish that ride you half gave me the night you went away. You said you would when you got back."

"All right!" And Mr. Hartly leaped lightly off his horse. "Come out here. I never forget my promises."

But Master Will. was in no hurry. The gentleman's watch chain attracted his attention.

"Oh, Mr. Hartly, you've got a new chain; and what funny little things!" handling, with evident admiration, the foreign guards attached. "Do they open?"

Before the gentleman could answer, the busy little fingers had solved the question for themselves, and the largest one lay open.

"Oh, there's a picture!" said the small discoverer; but before he could look further, his companion had closed the tiny ornament, and placed the chain back in its rightful place.

Nellie noticed his evident agitation, and formed her own conclusions. Will. expressed his thoughts without disguise.

"Was that your sweetheart, Mr. Hartly?" he asked curiously.

"What a question!" said the gentleman, with a little laugh, which Nellie knew to be forced. "Come, are you ready?"

"In a minute," said the boy, hurrying to the house, as a sudden thought struck him. "I've got something for you; just wait till I get it."

So Mr. Hartly had no choice but to wait.

Nellie's principal feeling, as they stood there alone by the gate, talking the most common of commonplaces, was one of thankfulness that she had had no opportunity of re-writing or delivering that little note so strangely lost on the evening of his departure.

"He might have thought I cared for him if he had received it," she mused; "but as it is, he can't think anything of *that* kind." And in her strangely sad triumph that his thoughts were likely to be of such an entirely different character, she failed to notice her brother's reappearance until she heard him say:

"There, Mr. Hartly, I've kept that for you ever since the night you went away. I had it in my pocket then, but I forgot it till after I got home; so I just put it away and waited."

Nellie, looking up to see what this well-preserved article could be, saw with a gasp her own note of six months ago passed over into Mr. Hartly's hand.

"You see," Will. went on proudly, not at all noticing his sister's distressed face, "Nell left that on her desk, and I just took charge of it."

"I am very much obliged, Willie," and Mr. Hartly, with considerable calmness, proceeded to open the tiny envelope.

Then Nellie Ainsworth found words, for, extending her hand, she said, in a tone she would have given a fortune to have kept from trembling:

"Mr. Hartly, please give me that note."

The gentleman looked into her face for one second, and something in the scarlet cheeks and downcast lids emboldened him strangely, for without a "Forgive me!" he opened the note and read it through. Then he turned to her, and said very softly:

"Did you ask me for this because its contents are not supposed to hold good now?"

"Not exactly," she stammered, something in his voice only adding to her confusion.

"I am glad of that," he said quietly.

Then, interpreting correctly her little timid glance at the mysterious guard, he disengaged it from the chain, and pressing it open, passed it over into her hands, saying:

"This is yours, justly. What will you do with it?"

She looked at it, recognizing herself, in a sort of happy glow; then, after a moment's hesitation, passed it back to her companion.

A few minutes after, Willie Ainsworth testified to the condition of things after this wise:

"Oh, ma, Mr. Hartly kissed sister Nell. down at the gate, and she never said a word!"

THE PATCHWORK BED-QUILT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't know whether I shall make it 'Job's Troubles,' or 'Log Cabin,' or 'Flight o' Birds,'" said Mrs. Hay meditatively. "I wouldn't have it no common pattern, not for a good deal!"

"I am sure it will be beautiful," said Cornelia Carrick, balancing the dainty gold thimble on her taper fingers, and looking out over the golden mid-summer landscape to where Jason Hay was reaping, on the sunshiny uplands.

The blackbird was singing, in its wicker cage, where the hop-vine swung tasseled tufts of green over the farm-house door; the checkered reflection of the swaying greenery lay like a lattice-work on the clean board floor, and the yellow-belted bees were humming among the sweet-williams along the path.

"It's dreadfully dull," thought Cornelia. "If it wasn't for that handsome Jason, I wouldn't stay here another day for all the bothering old doctors in creation!"

For Miss Carrick, having danced the roses from her cheek and nearly destroyed her digestion by lobster salad, iced champagne and *pâté de foie gras* at one o'clock in the morning, had been sent out in the country to "recruit," with plenty of worsted-work patterns, a box of books and a set of croquet. And the Hay Farm had been selected as the head-quarters of Hygeia by old Dr. Doddridge, who had been a boy among these health-giving hills himself.

But even while these ungrateful meditations passed through Miss Carrick's brain, Mrs. Hay watched her, and thought she never had seen a lovelier person in all her life.

"She's as pretty as a picture," she thought, "and it's plain enough that she's getting partial to our Jason. Jason was always high-minded, and there's not a girl in all the neighborhood for ten miles round would have suited him. Delf-ware wouldn't satisfy him; it's the fancy china *he* wants. And I don't know but that it's natural enough. A rose *is* pleasanter to look at than a bunch of sage, though there's no denying that the sage is the most useful of the two."

Cornelia Carrick was very fair to look upon, as she sat there, in her pale blue muslin, with frills of dainty lace at her throat and wrists. She was a blonde, with a skin like a white rose leaf, great innocent blue eyes, with silky brown fringes and drooping white lids, and hair like a mist of floating vaporous gold—hair that she "did" in a marvelous and enchanting fashion, which was a perpetual source of wonder to the country girls in the vicinage, who saw Miss Carrick in her walks, and once a week at the church whose spire pointed up from a cluster of swaying, umbrageous elms. And she had a guitar with her, to which she sang all sorts of delicious little ballads and barcaroles; and she took long strolls in the woods to collect various specimens of ferns, and she was interested in botany, and eager to learn how to catch the gold-flecked trout that haunted a certain dark, silent stream in the woods; and altogether Hay Farm was a different place when Miss Carrick was there.

Honest, stalwart Jason himself became as if were transformed, in the light of the sunny-haired enchantress' smiles. He had never cared much for female society before, but now he haunted Cornelia's presence like a shadow.

"Mother," he said wistfully, "do you suppose it is possible that she can care for a rough country fellow like me?"

Mrs. Hay surveyed her son over the tops of her gold spectacles with mild maternal pride.

"I don't want to flatter you, my boy," said she, patting his shoulder, "but I think she likes you pretty well. There's one thing at least, 'faint heart never won fair lady;' so take courage."

And Jason, who, unlike most modern young men, believed that his mother was one of the wise women of the world, took hope accordingly, and accompanied Cornelia on her fern-seeking expeditions, and sat beside her long summer afternoons, where the trout poles glistened in the stray sunbeams that sifted their way through canopies of green, and the drowsy trumpet of the cicadas sounded overhead.

Until at length a letter came from Lexington Avenue, and Cornelia announced to her hostess that she must go back to New York the next day.

Mrs. Hay broke out into exclamations of regret and deprecation, but Jason said never a word. But Cornelia could see that he had grown very pale.

"I am *so* obliged to you both for the delightful summer I have had," said she sweetly. "I shall miss dear Hay Farm sadly; but mamma wishes me to meet her at Long Branch, and of course my first duty is to her."

"Cornelia," said the good matron, smiling with conscious pride, "you must take the Job's Troubles bed-quilt home with you. It's all quilted, and lined and bound, as neat as a pink, though I say it that shouldn't say it. And I meant it for you all along."

"For *me!* That beautiful bed-quilt? Oh, Mrs. Hay, I ought not to take it."

"Yes, but you ought," said Mrs. Hay. "It's for you. And Jason will go back with you. It isn't proper that you should travel alone."

"I couldn't think of troubling him," cooed Cornelia, with a blue sidelong flash from under the silky brown lashes.

"Trouble!"

That was the only word that Jason Hay spoke, but Cornelia understood him for all that, and the soft velvety bloom came to her cheek.

She laughed to herself that night as she packed the Job's Troubles quilt into her trunk.

"Horrid old-fashioned thing!" said she, curling her short upper lip, "it takes up more room than it is worth; but what can I do? It may answer for the seamstress' bed."

And she crept into the lavender-scented sheets and fell fast asleep; while in the next room poor Jason lay wide awake, with a throbbing heart.

"Miss Carrick," he said, the next day, as he drove her to the railway station, "I—I want to say something to you; and yet I hardly think it is necessary, for you must know, without my putting it into words, that I love you."

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry!" lisped Cornelia, opening the blue eyes wide, and clasping together her tiny white hands, where there was a dimple at each joint. "I'm sure I never meant—I had no idea—but you see I've been engaged for a year."

"Engaged!"

"Yes—to Mr. Cressington. Now you won't be vexed, will you? Because I *do* like you ever so much, Jason—you'll let me call you so, won't you?"

Involuntarily he drew back. "Vexed—no. But I am deeply *grieved*, Miss Carrick."

And nothing more could he say.

Miss Carrick went back home rejoicing as might an Indian chief who has won a new scalp.

"I knew he'd come to that before it was through with," said she to herself. "Let me see; that makes the fifth offer I've had since Easter. Isn't it fun? But I wouldn't have Cressington know it for the world."

So Cornelia forgot it.

Ten years had passed by—ten years during which Jason Hay never saw or heard of the false, lovely siren who had won his love, and then tossed it away from her. And one sultry summer afternoon he was passing the dreary locality in Seventh Avenue where second-hand goods are exposed for sale, and pawnbrokers lurk behind their tawdry display of goods, like tigers behind the reeds of an East Indian jungle, when, lo! and behold, he saw, idly swinging in the dust-freighted wind, the very patchwork bed-quilt, with its rainbow tracery of "Job's troubles," that his mother had toiled upon that enchanted summer that he never should forget.

He went in at once and inquired the price.

"Six dollars, sir," said the showy, over-dressed woman who stood behind the counter.

"Can—can you tell me who left it here?" hesitated Jason.

"Very easily, sir, by looking at the books. She's a customer of ours." And turning over the greasy leaves of a much bethumbed ledger, she read, "Cornelia Carrick, No. —, Peckard street, third floor front."

"She works a sewing machine," said the woman carelessly—"she and her mother. They've seen better days, I guess; but, la! they all have, if you come to that."

"I will send for the quilt this afternoon," said Jason faintly, as he laid down the money. "I—I think these people are old friends of mine."

He went straight to Peckard street, his heart dying within him as he mounted the dusty, carpetless wooden stairs, and knocked at the warped door of the third-story front room.

"Come in!" sounded from within, and pushing open the door, he entered.

It was a miserably small room, scantily furnished, and desolate with the pitiless glare of the August sunshine. By the one window stood a whirring sewing machine, before which sat—Cornelia Carrick.

Herself, yet how changed! The gold-bright hair cut close to her head; the satin skin pale, and seamed with innumerable fine wrinkles; the roses and dimples and velvet-soft curves all gone! And Jason Hay could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

Mrs. Carrick, in a crimped widow's cap and rusty black gown, sat by, laboriously "finishing" the garments that Cornelia was seaming, on the machine. Both started at the sight, not of their landlord, nor some other greedy dun, but a tall, swarthy, handsome man. Cornelia covered her face with her hands.

"Jason!" she ejaculated.

"You see I've found you out, Miss Carrick," said he huskily. "Why didn't you let me know you were in trouble? Mother used to be very fond of you once, you know, Cornelia, and now that she's gone—"

Jason broke down here, and a great sob rose up in his throat.

He took the poor little widow and Cornelia home to Hay Farm, and was a son and brother to them as long as they lived.

But nothing more. He had loved a beautiful ideal, not Cornelia Carrick as she actually was—and the roses of a bygone time were faded on the grave of his buried love. And Cornelia lived unmarried to the end of her days.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Now, Johnny," said a venerable lady to her six-year-old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she accused him, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his veracity, Johnny exultingly replied, "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; *that eye always was a little streaked!*"

An old gentleman remonstrated with his married son, who did not live on good terms with his wife, on the impropriety of their contentions, since, in the eye of human and divine law, they were one. "I don't know how that may be," replied the young man, "but I'm certain that if you passed our door when we were quarrelling, you'd think we were at least twenty."

During a recent trial in the Supreme Court, the presiding Judge interrupted a lady who was giving her testimony, and remarked that her statements were irrelevant, whereupon she bridled up and exclaimed, "I should like to know, Judge, who is the witness in this case, *you* or *I?*" The Judge smiled, and the witness went on with her story without further interruption.

The grandmother of a little girl tried to break her of the habit of saying that people lied, and instructed her to say that they were mistaken. A few days afterward, her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was hard to believe. After she had finished, the little grandchild looked up in her face and exclaimed, "Grandma, that's the biggest *mistaken* I ever heard!"

"I should think," said a customer to a green boy in an apothecary's shop, "that they couldn't catch codfish enough to supply all the cod-liver oil that is sold now-a-days." "O," replied the boy, "you see they make it now out of any fish's liver, and when they can't get fish enough, dogs and cats come in splendid!"

Said Anna to her lover, "Augustus, why art thou so dull? Is there nothing that can animate thee?" With a look of fond and deathless devotion beaming upon his countenance, Augustus replied, "None but thee can Anna-mate me, darling. Speak! Wilt thou?" She spoke, and the cup of his animation was filled to overflowing.

Little Robbie's mother reached for him with her slipper the other day, for purloining the raspberry jelly, and was surprised to hear him laugh soon after. "What are you laughing at?" she asked. "I was thinking how I fooled you by keeping my mouth shut," said Robbie; "it was Susie that hooked the jelly."

The other day a little boy who had cut his finger, ran to his mother, and cried, "Tie it up, ma, tie it up quick, for the juice is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively hot days, appealed to his mother for help, saying, "Ma, do fix me up, for *I'm leaking all over!*"

A little three-year-old boy in Hartford, in attempting to console his mother, who was watching by the death-bed of his little sister, said, "Don't cry, mamma. If Nelly wants to die, let her die. It'll be so nice for her to have her own way just once!"

A young man in Poughkeepsie made a call at the house of his affianced, and after he got there he found that the house was quarantined on account of small-pox, and he had to stay there for a fortnight.

The balance of trade is disturbed in Wilmington, N. C., by the fact that water-melons are only three cents apiece, while cholera mixture is half a dollar a bottle.

The insanity of ex-King George of Hanover, who thought he was dead, was almost as absurd as that of some of our fossil politicians who think they are alive.

"Why," asks a disconsolate widow, "is venison like my late and deeply lamented husband?" Everybody giving it up, the widow says, "Because it is the *deer* departed."

Sentimental Young Lady—"How long does the honeymoon last, mamma?" *Practical Mother*—"Until you ask your husband for money."

Why is the tolling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

A young flirt who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

Why is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has *experienced many a hard blow.*

A man who trumpets his own fame usually has a brass countenance.

The line of a lady's love is supposed to be the mascu-line.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A man in London recently went to bathe, accompanied by a monkey, which he was in the habit of taking about with him. Having undressed himself, he placed the monkey on his shoulder, secured by a chain, and waded into the water breast high. The monkey became frightened, rushed frantically around his master's head, and tightly twisted the chain around his neck, producing semi-strangulation. In a moment they went to the bottom, but were rescued by a boatman near by. The man was very black in the face, and remained for some time in a state of stupor.

In Alabama convicts are hired out to work on the railroads. Each has an iron spike about eighteen inches long around his ankle, held by a chain which reaches up to the waist. This contrivance keeps them from running. They trip and fall whenever making the experiment. The contractors feed, clothe, and guard the convicts, and pay the State forty cents a day for each man's labor. For every six months they faithfully work on the road, a month is taken from their term of imprisonment.

A forsaken looking woman, who, with a pair of green spectacles over her eyes, and an infant in her arms, has been working upon the sympathies of the Worcester people by grinding doleful tunes from an asthmatic hand-organ, which bore a placard announcing that the performer was a poor blind woman, and the mother of ten fatherless children, turns out to have a good pair of eyes, while her baby is only a rag affair!

On the track of the Hudson River Railroad, the other day, a man carrying a trunk was run down by an express train. The locomotive struck him, throwing him into the air, and in descending he alighted on the pilot, hanging suspended by his clothes, head downward, a few inches from the ground. The train was stopped, and it was found he had sustained no serious injuries, and the next day was about his work as usual.

Switzerland is said to be the only country in Europe where more money is spent on education than on the army. The educational budget is two millions of francs, while the military expenses remain below that sum; yet, when needed, the little republic can raise an army of two hundred thousand men.

On Tuesday of last week, a man crawled under a freight car at North Adams to take a nap, and the noon express train from Albany, in backing down the track, struck the freight car, and driving it over the sleeping man, cut off both his legs and crushed him so badly that he died in a few hours.

A man who has spent most of his time in Connecticut jails for the last twelve years was released from a term of imprisonment in the Hartford Penitentiary on Monday morning, immediately got drunk, assaulted a peaceable citizen, and was snugly quartered in his old cell before night.

A little girl twelve years old, living in Quinsigamond, Mass., thought to quicken a fire by pouring kerosene upon it, when an explosion took place, and herself and a babe lying in a cradle were enveloped in flames and terribly burnt. They are still alive, however, and may recover.

A lot of newly appointed policemen in Albany were so excited over official honors that they went into a bar-room on Sunday night, got drunk, had a free fight, and were arrested and locked up in the station-house by some of the veterans on the force.

As a minister at St. Louis was leaving his church, at the conclusion of the service, one of his congregation stopped him somewhat roughly, and thanking him for his excellent sermon, handed him what he said it was worth—a hundred-dollar note.

A Michigan paper says, "An aged African injudiciously exhibited ten cents in the street, in Detroit, the other day, whereupon he was followed into an alley and garroted by an enterprising citizen."

A Kalamazoo judge fined a reporter for appearing within the bar of the court room in his shirt sleeves; but the reporter proving that he hadn't any coat, the fine was remitted.

The keeper of a lager-beer garden in Hartford, becoming despondent on account of the progress of temperance, shot himself through the lungs, and died in a few hours.

There are one million six hundred and eighty-three thousand paupers in Great Britain.

MOTHERS AND ALL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Call it not a mere fond fancy
Of the doting mother, while
She believes from Angels' whisper
Comes her sleeping infant's smile;
But think it an intuition,
And from truth the rapture lies;
For thus o'er this sweet, pure slumber,
Blessers may be given from skies.

By such sacred ministration,
Mid the chamber bright or dim,
Does not her glad heart give answer
In new gratitude to Him,
While she mingles love of husband,
Till, with many a tender kiss
On the baby's little forehead,
All her being swims in bliss!

Let us, like believing mothers,
Feel the Angels' whispers true,
And in feeling be ennobled,
For we once were infants too:
Nor have doubt that yet the Helpers
Minister in peace or strife;
Always as fond brothers, sisters,
Missioned to give love through life.

Oh, it is a Faith most holy,
Full of strength as heaven of stars,
Making us to feel that Heaven
Sparkles through these earthly bars!
Then, ye gentle Helpers, welcome
To the cradle or the bed:
By you there, and in Life's labors,
May we to your homes be led!

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

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CHAPTER XIII.

A WELL-MATCHED COUPLE.

At the moment of Darrel Moer's intrusion into the morning room of Floyd Manor, and into the presence of its acknowledged heiress, Miss Floyd was, as we have said, standing at one of the long French windows overlooking the park. She was dressed in a morning gown of pale blue cashmere, bordered above its hem, upon its front, and upon the collar and sleeves, with an elaborate embroidery in a gold braid and in a Greek pattern. A belt of thin flexible gold confined this gown at the waist. Her fawn-colored hair, in which was not the faintest gleam of gold, was puffed and crimped and curled in a style that would have been suitable for a full-dress occasion.

She had been exulting in the grandeur of her prospects, and repeating to herself the title she expected some day to bear, while she watched the fallow-deer in the park, the bending of the trees in the wind, and the movements of two or three men belonging to the gardener's staff, as they raked the few dead leaves off the lawn. She turned, at Darrel Moer's entrance, with an unwonted sparkle in her eyes, and with a red glow upon her cheeks, and surveyed him with a cool insolence that might have abashed another man.

But Darrel Moer was not a man to be abashed.

His dark, handsome face, Italian in its coloring and features, lighted up as he approached Miss Floyd, exclaiming:

"Let me also welcome you to Floyd Manor, Cousin Hilda. I am Darrel Moer, whom you have supplanted as the heir of Lord Waldemar, who is my uncle, but I am your friend nevertheless. I hope I shall win your friendship."

He extended his hand. Miss Floyd, with an expression of pleased surprise on her fair face, yielded him her hand, which he clasped with a lingering pressure.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Moer," said Miss Floyd graciously. "You were my father's cousin, I believe. I am glad to see you. Grandpapa was speaking of you yesterday, saying, I believe, that he expected you at the Manor. It's very grand here, Mr. Moer," and she released her hand from his, and her glance strayed from the window with an expression of pride in her prospective ownership of the Manor, "but it is horrid poky and dull. The house ought to be filled with company."

"I suppose you will go to town very soon with my uncle, Miss Floyd?" remarked Darrel Moer, studying her face, and in it her character, with keen intentness.

"No, not under a month or more. Grandpapa has been ill, and he's not well yet, and he thinks the Yorkshire air does him good. Yorkshire is terribly dull even after Innsbruck. I wish grandpapa would take me to Paris for a season. Do you find grandpapa such a horrid old ogre, Mr. Moer? Must he never be crossed in anything, and does he sit in judgment upon our smallest peccadilloes?"

Darrel Moer smiled, as he responded:

"You have conceived a wrong idea of Lord Waldemar, Cousin Hilda. I suppose I may call you cousin? My uncle is stern and relentless when angered, but he is very kind and even tender-hearted, and I foresee that he will be very fond of you."

"I hope he will," said Miss Floyd sincerely. "I should like to be able to twist that stern old man around my fingers. But I could never be fond of him. His terrible keen black eyes seem as if they would look me through and through. He invited me into the library yesterday, and asked me questions about my early life, and about my parents and Mrs. Watchley—she's my old nurse, you know, and my present companion—and his lips would now and then curl up in an odd, cynical smile, and once or twice he looked at me as suspiciously as if I were some designing wretch, instead of his granddaughter and heiress. And he warned me never to attempt to deceive him—horrid old frump! I can't help saying so, if he is my grandfather, Cousin Darrel."

"Your beautiful frankness enchants me," said Darrel Moer. "I foresee that we shall be friends. Floyd Manor has never had a mistress more beautiful than you, although the Floyds have been famed for their fair women. You will make a great sensation up in London, Cousin Hilda."

Miss Floyd's heart seemed to warm toward Moer. She loved flattery as she loved sugar-plums, and neither could be too highly flavored to suit her pronounced taste. She sat down in a chair beside the window, and motioned her guest to a seat on a couch near at hand.

He obeyed. The light fell full upon her face, and he compared her countenance, feature by feature, with the picture of young Honor Glint, which was painted on his mind in colors that would endure for ever.

Miss Floyd was scarcely so slight of figure as Honor, and had not the willowy grace and litheness that characterized Moer's young wife. The golden glory of Honor's hair and the vivid blackness of Honor's eyes found no counterpart in the features of Miss Floyd. Honor's sunny, frank face, with its proud sweetness, the saucy mouth, the pure calm brow, contrasted singularly in Moer's mind with this delicately fair countenance, with its damask-rose cheeks, and selfish, supercilious and domineering expression.

"Honor is a pure gem: this girl is but paste," thought Moer, with a stifled sigh. "Why could not Honor have been Miss Floyd? Why could she not have been the heiress? Some cursed fatality must be at work against me. Honor is the only woman I ever loved—and by Heaven, I love her now, even while I hate her for standing in my way. The heiress is pretty, however, and vain, and it will not be hard to make love to her. I know the way straight to her very small and very selfish heart. If I play my cards aright—and get rid of Honor—I can easily make myself master of Waldemar."

While he thus studied Miss Floyd, and registered his mental decision concerning her, that young lady was assuring herself that "Cousin Darrel" was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen. His languid drawl in speaking, his indolent manner, his coolly admiring glance, his ready flattery, all impressed her as peculiarly high-bred, and redolent of that higher-class English life of which she had read and dreamed, and which seemed to her a very charmed existence. Moer was fickle of soul, and had made love to a hundred women. He had taught himself all the arts of fascination, and had played with hearts as a pastime. His dark, Italian face, still youthful looking, was as carefully preserved as any woman's, and it was near enough to Miss Floyd's ideal to be very fascinating to her.

"I know that I shall like you, Cousin Darrel," said the young lady, with an affectation of frankness and gushing simplicity. "I hope you will stay at the Manor so long as I do. I cannot bear the idea of wandering alone through these immense rooms, with not a soul to speak to."

"You have your companion, Hilda?"

"Mrs. Watchley?" said Miss Floyd, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders. "Oh, yes, I suppose so, but she was my hired nurse, you know; and although she is a curate's widow, and calls herself a gentlewoman, yet she was my hired nurse, and I can't forget the fact. Why grandpapa should set her up as my companion at a high salary, I can't see. He might have spoken to me about it, I should say. You see, Cousin Darrel, Mrs. Watchley presumes on the fact that she educated me and brought me up, and she persists in obtruding her advice upon me at all times, and forces her lower-class ideas upon me, and is always urging me to flatter grandpapa, and make him love me. What difference can it make to her whether he loves me or not? He is my grandfather, and I'm the future Baroness Waldemar. I am sure of succeeding him, so what's the use of putting myself out to flatter him?"

"What, indeed!" said Darrel Moer.

"The only thing is to avoid angering him," continued Miss Floyd, the color deepening in her cheeks, as she thrummed one jewelled hand on the broad sheet of plate-glass forming the lower half of the window. "There will be no trouble, unless I marry some one distasteful to him. In that case, he'll turn me out, as he turned out papa, without a penny. And he'd live on and live on until I too died of starvation, just as papa did."

"It would be safe then to marry some one whom he likes," said Moer insinuatingly. "To be sure, your choice would be limited, as he has few favorites. He thinks the young men of the present day strikingly degenerate. There are but two young men whom he really likes. One of them is Sir Hugh Tregaron, a young Cornish Baronet, and the other is myself."

Miss Floyd smiled coquettishly, perfectly comprehending the meaning contained within the latter clause of Moer's remark.

"I don't know that I shall marry before grandpapa's death," she observed demurely. "I should like to hold a sort of court, Cousin Darrel, and be surrounded by suitors, and be haughty and inaccessible, and marry a duke at last. I don't see why Lady Waldemar, as I shall be, should not marry a duke. I am to be chaperoned in London by the Marchioness of Roxburghe, my own kinswoman, and the Marchioness is connected by marriage with a duke, so I shall become as familiar with titled English people as I have been with foreign nobodies. But you don't look particularly interested in my plans, Cousin Darrel, and, after all, they are but idle talk. I went through the picture gallery yesterday, and saw all the portraits of the dead and gone Floyds, but there was not a portrait of a Baron Waldemar under three generations. Why is that?"

"Because, as the title and estates are entailed, they go to the eldest son, and Squire Floyd, the present Lord Waldemar, belonged to a cadet branch. He is descended from the second son of a Baron Waldemar who was the fifth baron of the name. The present lord is the ninth baron. The elder branch having died out, he came, very unexpectedly to himself, into the title and estates."

"And if there were no Hilda Floyd," said the young lady meditatively—"if grandpapa had no lineal descendant, you would be next in the line of succession, would you not?"

"Yes. I am the son of his lordship's sister. I supposed myself the future Baron Waldemar until yesterday, and I own I came here this morning with some bitter thoughts. But I can say now, with a slight paraphase of the original, 'The king is deposed: long live the king'—I should say the queen. May nothing occur to depose you, Cousin Hilda."

"Nothing could occur that would depose me," said Miss Floyd, with a slight toss of her head. "I know—to use a vulgar phrase—upon which side my bread is buttered. I shall never be so foolish as to marry against grandpapa's will, as poor papa did."

"By the way, I cannot trace your father's features in your face, Cousin Hilda," said Moer. "You are fair, and so was he; but his hair was like spun gold, and yours is fawn color. His eyes were black, and yours are light. I have seen a face that reminds me far more vividly of him than yours can ever remind me. Your features and expression are not at all like his."

"So grandpapa says. He attributes the want of likeness to the admixture of the base Arlyn blood," said Miss Floyd, with a calm smile. "Tell me something about grandpapa's business manager, Cousin Darrel. Who is this Mr. Grimrod?"

"The son and successor of his lordship's former business manager on the Floyd estate. He has been promoted since Squire Floyd became Lord Waldemar, into manager of all his lordship's property. My uncle trusts him implicitly, and believes him the only honest man in the world."

"He is a very singular looking man," said Miss Floyd musingly. "He has been very kind and generous to me—or rather, he has treated me with proper respect and attention. He gave me carte blanche at Paris, and I bought everything I fancied, regardless of cost. But of course he had his orders from grandpapa. I suppose he wants to ingratiate himself in my favor, so that I will continue him as my business manager. But I don't think I shall. The very day that grandpapa dies, I'll send this Mr. Grimrod and Mrs. Watchley out of my sight, and find a new business manager and a new companion."

Miss Floyd's singular unreserve had its origin in a certain garrulity that at times possessed her. It is probable, however, that some instinct told her that Darrel Moer would be a safe repository of her confidence, or it might have been that she delighted to show him how little she was awed by the changed character of her fortunes, and how little she feared Lord Waldemar, whom all else feared.

Darrel Moer, becoming more and more enlightened in regard to her disposition with every word she uttered, told her that his uncle had desired him to show her over the house, and to tell her the family legends, and proposed that they should make an excursion through the dwelling.

Miss Floyd assented, and they rambled through the great well-furnished rooms, and Moer pointed out the exquisite old carvings which were dear to Lord Waldemar's soul, and led the young lady through the drawing-rooms, conservatory, the large octagon room known as the cabinet of curiosities, and which was filled with quaint and curious things that would have been prizes at the South Kensington Museum, the picture gallery, and all the show apartments of the large and stately pile. He talked to her of Floyds and of Waldemars, as if reading out of a genealogical book. He was versed in the family history, and told his stories with a certain degree of bitterness, his disappointment showing itself continually, despite his efforts to repress it. He could not forget, when rehearsing the family grandeurs, that he would now never be a Lord of Waldemar, and that it was problematical if he ever became the husband of the heiress.

At last, when he had exhausted his memory, and all the rooms had been visited, Miss Floyd looked at her watch, and declared that she must go to her grandfather, whom she had not seen that morning.

"He will think it odd if I don't visit him," she said half apologetically.

"And I will go to my room," said Moer, with a downward glance at his tweed traveling suit. "We will meet at the lunch table."

He escorted her to the door of the library, and went up to his own old chamber—the one he had been used to occupy during his boyhood. He made a fresh toilet with scrupulous care, and when he had finished, regarded his reflection in the mirror with unqualified satisfaction.

"I have no honest, straightforward little girl to deal with this time," he said to himself. "Miss Floyd is by no means an Honor Glint. My fair cousin Hilda seems a gushing, artless, exuberant creature, declaring her likes and dislikes with the utmost frankness, but she's deep and artful in reality, and while she talked to me she was watching me as a cat watches a mouse. I am not sure but that she is my feminine counterpart. She's as subtle as a serpent, and is sure to feather her nest pretty luxuriously. I must get rid of Honor before I make love to her. Once I find straight sailing, I'll pursue her and capture her."

At one o'clock he descended to the breakfast room, where Miss Floyd and Mrs. Watchley joined him. Miss Floyd introduced her companion as one introducing a social inferior, and the three took their places at the luxuriantly spread table. Lord Waldemar would not appear until dinner. Moer, concealing skillfully his anxieties, chagrins and schemes under a gay and debonair exterior, was full of wit and repartee, and the two ladies were charmed with him.

After luncheon they visited the music-room for an hour, and then Miss Floyd and her companion retired to their own apartments.

Moer strolled through the park during the afternoon, returning an hour before dinner, which was served at the Manor at seven. Lord Waldemar appeared at the table punctually, scrupulously dressed, but he looked worn and unrestful. There was a gloom in his eyes, and a sternness about his mouth, that no one there present rightly understood. He was courteous always, and did the honors with stately, old-fashioned politeness, and exerted himself to please Miss Floyd, but it was easy to see that his heart was not in his speech or manner.

After dinner, he returned to the library.

Miss Floyd, Mrs. Watchley and Mr. Moer spent the evening in the drawing-room. Mr. Grimrod came in about half-past eight, but joined Lord Waldemar in the library, remaining with him until ten o'clock. Before leaving the house he looked in upon the group in the drawing-room, but soon departed, going home.

At about half-past ten the party separated, and Darrel Moer took up his bedroom candle from the hall table and went up to his own room.

On entering, he started back with an exclamation of surprise. An arm-chair was drawn up before the fire, and in it, reading the morning paper, was lolling quite at his ease Mr. Moer's valet, Bing.

"You here!" exclaimed Moer, locking his door. "When did you leave Lancashire?"

"This morning," answered Bing, rising lazily. "I'm dead tired, sir. Never slept a wink last night. Risked Pentonville horrors and Portland hulks, sir, all out of my devotion to you, Mr. Moer. I hope I shall be remembered in the way I like best, though I can't complain of your generosity, sir. Many's the ticklish job I've done for you, Mr. Moer—"

"And many's the sum of money you've got for it," interrupted Moer impatiently. "I don't doubt but that your bank account is bigger than mine, Bing, and that I shall have to borrow money of you, at a big shave. How did you succeed in this little affair at Bolton?"

The valet replied by taking out from an inner pocket of his coat a long leathern pocket-book, which was securely strapped and locked. He unlocked it with a tiny key that hung at one end of his watch chain, and brought to view a long folded paper, which at the first glance was seen to be a leaf from the register of a parish church or chapel.

He gave this into his master's hands. Moer seized it eagerly, unfolded it, and discovered that the leaf contained the registry of his marriage with Honor Glint. It was unmistakably the authentic registry of the marriage, and as his eyes dwelt upon his own and Honor's signatures, Moer demanded:

"How did you get this, Bing?"

"Let myself into the church last night with a skeleton key, sir," answered the valet, as unconcernedly as if such acts were among his every-day duties, "and opened the old safe in the vestry with another key. It was a risky job, but I got off all right."

With a last glance at the page, on which were recorded other marriages than his own, Darrel Moer laid the leaf upon the fire and watched it burn to ashes.

Then he produced his pocket-book and counted out in bank-notes the sum he had promised Bing for this nefarious service. The valet smoothed out the money and stuffed it into the same leathern book which had held the stolen leaf from the marriage register.

"Did you see anything more of the clergyman, Bing?" inquired Moer.

"Yes, sir. I saw him off for London this morning in the early express. He's off for Africa by this time, sir. They said he was to sail to-day."

A lurid gleam appeared in Moer's eyes, and he muttered:

"Safe! safe! This marriage, you understand, is no marriage at all. I abandoned the girl at the altar. I have never even called her my wife. And now the clergyman who married us is the same as dead, and there is no record of the marriage in existence. I have effected a divorce with more expedition and less cost than could have been done by the Divorce Court, while it is not less effective and effectual. It is now the same as if that little ceremony in the chapel had never been performed."

"It's not exactly the same," objected the valet, "since Miss Glint has proof of the marriage."

"Proof! What proof? The word of her maid? What does that amount to? Bah!"

"She has more than that," said Bing. "You see, sir, I hung around the chapel after you left with Mr. Carrington, in the hope of getting a chance to cut out that leaf which you have just burned. But I got no chance. I was about to give up in disgust, and the clergyman and clerk were about to leave, when Miss Glint's maid came hurrying in, and asked the clergyman for a certificate of the marriage—"

"The devil!"

"Yes, sir. The girl said, that as the clergyman was going to Africa, and it was just possible the chapel books might get accidentally burned, her mistress wanted her marriage lines. The clergyman gave them to her. He signed his own name as the parson that married the lady to you, and the clerk, the pew opener, and the girl signed as witnesses. They called on me for my signature, and I had to give it. I tried to tell you this at the gate of the Red House yesterday, but you wouldn't hear me. Miss Glint has thus got in her possession a document that binds you fast to her, even though the clergyman is gone to Africa, and the official registry of the marriage is destroyed."

Darrel Moer uttered a frightful oath.

"The girl must have got suspicious," he exclaimed. "Perhaps she means to come to my uncle with the certificate of her marriage, and invoke his wrath against me. The innocent little girl I thought her has developed into a dangerous woman. I intend to marry Miss Floyd, my uncle's heiress. Honor may suspect my design, and intend, at the proper period, to cause my arrest for bigamy. It is said that 'hell has no fury like a woman scorned.' Bing, this certificate of marriage must be got at any cost."

"Yes, sir," assented the valet, "but you'll have to get it yourself. I cannot enter the Red House, while you are welcomed there. I don't like to try burglary when wheedling might get it. You've only to say a few words to Miss Glint, and tell her you love her, and she'll hand you the paper herself."

"I'll try wheedling first, and violence afterward," declared Moer. "I cannot sleep with this danger menacing me. Honor is likely to be here to-morrow, and ask for Lord Waldemar or Miss Floyd. You must be on guard at the station, on the arrival of every train to-morrow, and let me know by telegraph if she makes her appearance. As for me, I start for Lancashire in the morning. My uncle and Miss Floyd will wonder, I suppose. I shall have to pretend that Carrington is ill, and lying at the point of death."

The resolution was put into execution. The next morning Darrel Moer, with a host of false excuses to his uncle and Miss Floyd, and the promise of an almost immediate return to the Manor, set out for Lancashire.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN QUEST OF HONOR.

Sir Hugh Tregaron returned to the Red House at the time he had appointed, and only an hour or two after young Honor Glint had passed beyond the shelter of its walls, homeless, desolate, and a wanderer.

The dusk of the March evening had fallen, and the air was chill with driving sleet. But Sir Hugh's heart was full of hope and happiness, and he flung off the glistening drops of wet from his hair and garments, and removed his greatcoat in the little hall, and inquired for Miss Glint with all the confidence of a young lover who knows himself beloved.

The house-maid ushered him into the cozy wainscoted drawing-room, where warmth and color and light made delicious contrast with the chill and sleet outside. Mrs. Glint and her daughter were seated here in state, in half anticipation of his coming.

Mrs. Glint had attired herself in a trailing black moire, with point lace collar and sleeves. Miss Milner wore a long crimson silk, with pearl-colored overdress, and a profusion of paste jewels, which she flattered herself impressed every one as being real gems of nearly fabulous value. She believed herself to be gotten up in irresistible style, having a conviction she had the taste in dress which characterizes a French woman.

Both mother and daughter arose at Sir Hugh's entrance, and greeted him with effusiveness. His bright face fell a little as he looked past them, and failed to see Honor, but he greeted the two ladies politely, and asked for Miss Glint.

Mrs. Glint put her handkerchief to her eyes in apparent distress, and said, sighing heavily:

"O, Sir Hugh! How can I tell you the truth? What shall I say to the Captain when he comes home? What a trouble has come upon us all! What can I do? O, Sir Hugh, Honor is gone!"

The young Baronet started, but still he did not comprehend the full import of Mrs. Glint's words. There was a vague alarm in his voice, however, as he said hastily:

"I don't understand, Madam. Is Miss Glint not at home?"

"No; she is gone," replied Mrs. Glint, wringing her hands in seeming anguish. "She has left the Red House, Sir Hugh. She has spurned my motherly love, and flung off all the restraints of a loving home. She has gone with her maid and all her luggage, and although I implored her to remain, or to tell me at least where she was going, she refused to do either. That girl will break my heart!"

"This is singular—almost incredible."

"Is it not? Yet nothing that Honor does can be called singular—she is so very wild and wayward. I have tried to be a mother to her, but she always looked upon me as an intruder in my husband's house. My poor Clarette actually went upon her knees to Honor entreating her to stay, but she refused."

"Has she not gone to the house of some relative to visit?" inquired Sir Hugh, in an utter perplexity and amazement.

"She has no relatives of her own, Sir Hugh, and in leaving the Red House she would not be likely to seek any of the Glint connections. She's not a Glint, Sir Hugh; she's only a poor nameless girl whom my husband picked up in Malta in her babyhood. He is always doing Quixotic things, and this child being thrown on his hands, he adopted her as his own child, and educated her as a lady. It's my belief that bad blood will always show itself sooner or later, and that Honor's blood is bad. But I was attached to her, and I mourn for her as if she had really been my step-daughter. What is to become of the ungrateful girl?"

"What possible motive could Miss Honor have had in leaving her home?" asked Sir Hugh, speaking more to himself than to Mrs. Glint.

"It's her waywardness and ingratitude," sighed the captain's wife hypocritically. "Clarette, my poor sensitive child, go up to my room and get my salts—the gold vinaigrette, you know, dear."

Miss Clarette departed, and Mrs. Glint hastily resumed:

"Oh, Sir Hugh! I fear—I fear—I can hardly tell what. I cannot confide to my innocent child the horrible doubts that rack my bosom. But Honor went out yesterday morning with her maid, and when she came back she was white as any ghost. Before she came in, Mr. Moer—Mr. Darrel Moer, who has been visiting these three months at Lynshire Place—called, in great excitement, and asked to see her. On learning that she was not in, he went away, but he came back again at a later hour, and again asked for her. Honor sent down a note to him by her maid, and refused to see him. He read the note and burnt it up. Then he scrawled a line on a leaf of his note-book, and sent that up to her. And then he stalked out of the house, haggard and excited, and with a look in his eyes that scared me. There's some terrible mystery between them, Sir Hugh, and I am afraid they have eloped together."

Sir Hugh recalled the particulars of his own morning's interview with Honor. She had shrank from him in trembling. She had acknowledged that she loved him, but she had said that the avowal of his love for her had come "too late." Had she been bound by a promise to marry Darrel Moer? Was this the secret of her evident anguish, of her shrinking from him? Had she fled to avoid seeing Sir Hugh again?

"Miss Glint would not have eloped with any man," he forced himself to say calmly, although his brain was in a whirl. "Why should she elope or make a secret marriage from her own home? She is as dear to Captain Glint as if she had been the child of his flesh, as well as of his adoption, and she knew herself the daughter of his house. There is some mystery, as you suggest, but it is no disgraceful mystery, Mrs. Glint. Honor is as pure as a star. At what hour did she go?"

"About two hours since."

"She is perhaps at the house of some friend. Captain Glint is a proud man, and it will be well for his sake, as well as Miss Honor's, to say nothing to any one concerning Miss Glint's action, which can without doubt be readily explained by her. She will return, perhaps to-morrow, and I beg you to receive her with kindly affection."

"I would take her back as the prodigal son was welcomed," answered Mrs. Glint, "if it depended upon myself. But she can never associate again with my innocent Clarette. The same roof can never again shelter both."

The matron compressed her lips in a severely virtuous expression, and at the same moment Miss Milner reappeared with the vinaigrette.

Sir Hugh smothered his rising indignation, and arose, saying:

"I cannot search openly for Miss Glint, but I can and shall look for her as—as a brother might do. Wherever she is, she is as safe in her uprightness and purity as under this roof. But as a young and unprotected girl in her rank of life cannot go where she will without exciting remark, I shall try to find her without delay."

"Remember that she can't come back here," said Mrs. Glint spitefully. "I won't have her in this house. If you want to find her, look for Mr. Darrel Moer, and follow him. I have reason to think that the young lady is somewhere in Bolton, or she may have gone to Manchester. But it will be quite enough to ruin any girl's reputation to have a young gentleman like you inquiring after her. Let her alone, Sir Hugh. She is not worthy your slightest thought. Don't think of going out into the wet so soon. Let Clarette play for you one of Claribel's newest songs. Clarette, open the piano, love."

"You must excuse me this evening, Madam," said Sir Hugh, a shadow of sternness covering his grandly noble face. "I am in no mood for songs to-night, while Honor is perhaps in peril. And since the shelter of this roof is denied to her, it must be denied to me."

"You are in love with her then?" cried Mrs. Glint coarsely.

The young Baronet's face grew haughty and more stern, but he replied proudly:

"I am, Madam, and God permitting, Honor Glint shall be my wife. Your conduct will have no other effect, I trust, than to hasten our marriage."

He bowed coldly and took his leave, hurrying on his greatcoat and plunging out again into the night.

Half-way down the garden walk he started and came to an abrupt halt, looking back at the Red House, while a sudden conviction of Mrs. Glint's double-dealing seized upon his soul.

He remembered in that instant that Mrs. Glint had never seemed to like the Captain's adopted daughter. More than once he had seen, in her glances at Honor, aversion, bitterness and envy. The unsuspecting Captain had extolled his wife's affection for Honor, but Sir Hugh had always known in his heart that that affection was feigned.

"Can Mrs. Glint have taken advantage of the Captain's absence to send Honor away?" he asked himself. "Before God, I believe she has expelled Honor from the Red House, with a view to securing the Captain's property for her own daughter. I am loath to believe ill of any woman, but I know that Mrs. Glint is a designing and unscrupulous woman. How came the Captain ever to fall a prey to her? She has sent Honor away. Darrel Moer has nothing to do with Honor."

This thought speedily became a conviction.

Wheeling about, he pursued his way down the path, and went out at the lawn gate, hurrying up the street.

"Where would Honor naturally go, on finding herself homeless?" he thought, as he walked aimlessly yet briskly on. "Certainly she would not stay at Bolton. She would be too sensitive to scandal. She would not go to Manchester— Ah, I have it! She has been out of school only a few months. She would naturally go back and take sanctuary with her old teachers, and await the captain's return. It was the thought of her homelessness that occasioned her distress this morning. I shall find her at Southport."

Acting upon this idea, he went to the railway station, and found an old station porter with whom he had a speaking acquaintance. A few skillfully put questions elicited from this man the information that Miss Glint, who was well known at the station, had taken the five o'clock up train, with her maid, and was booked for Southport.

Sir Hugh procured a ticket, and half an hour later was on his way also to Southport.

On arriving, he went directly to the Palace Hotel, the hour being late.

He knew the name of the school at which Honor had been kept for many years, and the next morning, about ten o'clock, he took a cab and drove thither. He obtained audience with the proprietress, an elderly gentlewoman, and asked to see Miss Glint.

To his amazement, he learned that Honor had not been seen by her former teachers, nor had she been heard from by them.

He left his card, with a request that he might be informed of her movements, if they should be communicated to her former instructress, and took his leave.

"She is in Southport, I know," he said to himself. "But how am I to find her?"

He visited all the hotels, and obtained a paper with the printed visitors' list, but did not find the name he sought. He wandered up and down the streets, and in the afternoon went down upon the promenade and out upon the chain-pier, with no eyes for the bare sands and the donkey riders, but with a keen glance at every slender figure, and a searching look under every girlish round hat.

Finding his quest unsuccessful, he rode back in the tram-car the length of the pier, and passed out at the turn-gate, mingling with the throng of the promenade.

He had not taken ten steps when he beheld, a few paces in advance of him, a man whom he well knew as a libertine and roué—Darrel Moer!

And the next moment he saw that Moer was slily and secretly following a young girl, and that girl he recognized as Honor Glint's maid!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOULT AND HIS PICTURES.

Marshal Soult was once exhibiting to some friends the wonderful collection of pictures which he had brought from Spain, and in answer to a question he remarked that the story, so generally circulated and believed, that he had stolen these pictures, was false.

"People say that I robbed the churches and convents—that I stole these grand works of art; but it's false, sir,—false! I bought every one of them,—I bought them, sir!"

"How about that one?" asked a gentleman of the party, pointing to a picture of which he had heard more than one of Soult's officers speak.

"Ah,—that is a famous picture—*The Paralytic*—by Murillo," said the Marshal, his eyes sparkling as he looked at it. "I bought that picture, sir."

"Bought it?"

"Aye,—I bought it,—and I paid a big price for it. That picture, sir, cost me two fat monks—an abbot and a prior! Let me tell you about it. It was when Wellington was pressing me the hardest. One evening, at the head of my column, I found myself at the gates of an old convent, and there demanded quarters for myself and officers, and refreshment for my men. On the next morning I learned that the monks had, during the night, poisoned two-and-twenty of my grenadiers who had been quartered in their chapel. They had given them poisoned wine. The fact was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. At once I summoned the monks before me—a full hundred of them,—and told them I was going to hang a monk for every one of my soldiers poisoned,—just two-and-twenty of them,—and to make the thing as fair as possible they might draw lots to determine the victims. The lots were drawn, and the twenty-two condemned monks were brought forward, and the ropes put around their necks. They begged and prayed for mercy, but I had no desire to listen. Finally, as the executioners were ready for the *coup de grace*, one exceedingly fat old fellow caught me by the sleeve, and told me that he was the abbot, and that the monk next to him was his prior. Would I put such dignitaries to so ignominious a death? I told him I should hang him with the greatest pleasure. Then he whispered to me that he had Murillo's Paralytic in the convent—hidden away from profane eyes—and that if I would spare himself and the prior, he would lead me to it.

"Gentlemen, the offer was a tempting one. It was a great price to pay—an abbot and his chief assistant,—but I had heard of the picture, and I wanted it,—and I accepted the offer. I spared the abbot and the prior, and having seen the other twenty duly hanged, I went and got the picture.

"When you are told, gentlemen, that I stole my Spanish pictures, don't you believe it. Take my word for it—I bought them, every one. And I paid big prices, too!" S. C., JR.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Mortality from the Heat—The Death of Children.

Fifteen hundred deaths in a week, in the city of New York! Just think of it. Look at a full regiment of soldiers, and consider that the number of deaths equals them, and half as many more!

The intense and long continued heat has had much to do with this great increase of mortality, and it has been especially destructive of hard-working men and of children.

Some moral obligations, resting on our citizens generally, are pretty clearly pointed out and illustrated by these facts.

It is pretty hard that a man who is compelled to work to supply himself and his family with their daily bread, should be obliged, in performing his labor, to expose himself to the burning sun until it melts his brain and kills him. It is the duty of employers to guard against such accidents, as far as possible, by placing their men, in the hottest weather, in the most favorable positions which the prosecution of their work admits of.

But the great mortality among children suggests different considerations. It warns us of the unfitness of the city, during the summer months, for the residence of the little ones. It is the duty of parents, so far as it is practicable, to provide some kind of a home in the country for their children during the hot months.

We heard a gentleman remark recently, that within a very short period *fourteen* children had been buried from the block in which he lived. Some of these, it is true, might have died in the country; but the probability is that most of them would have been saved, if they had been in cool and comfortable homes.

Of course many families are situated so that they are obliged to remain in the city the whole year; but many more might get into the country for a few months, than now do, if they appreciated the great advantage which their children would derive from the change.

The great obstacle in the way of this is the extravagant notions about the style of living which have become prevalent. Sensible people know that for a mere trifle they can procure all that is really requisite in a country home. The pure air costs nothing; and all that is necessary in the way of shelter or a house costs but little.

Death in the Streets.

If there is to be no greater improvement, so far as cleanliness is concerned, in the condition of the streets of this city, than has yet been made, we think the boasted "reform" in our municipal affairs does not amount to much.

Many of our streets continue to be in a state of filth which is disgraceful. The decay of garbage and animal matter which lie in heaps must be destructive of health and life. Now and then the authorities seem to make a spasmodic effort to remove these offensive accumulations; but their exertions are very short-lived, and in a few days the great thoroughfares are allowed to relapse into their chronic abominable condition.

We wish we could have a really good city government. If the money which is now raised by taxation were honestly and judiciously expended, it would give us a very different result from any which has ever been derived from it yet.

The pavement in some of our streets—among the most traversed too—is so bad as not only to be very difficult to pass over, but as to render it next to impossible to keep the streets clean. Money enough is paid for paving, and there is no excuse for the execrable state of miles of pavement in the city; but the trouble is, that a large part of the money is squandered or misapplied; and the consequence is, that our streets remain neglected and filthy, to breed pestilence and death.

We know that it is almost hopeless to bring about any effective reform in such matters; but there is a small degree of satisfaction, at least, in giving vent to one's honest indignation on the subject, once in a while.

An Editor for President.

Many of the papers, in commenting on the nomination of Mr. GREELEY, refer to the fact that it is the first instance of the nomination of an Editor for President. But we do not see in any of them reference to the fact that Mr. GREELEY'S leading competitor in the Cincinnati Convention, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, was also an Editor formerly. Mr. ADAMS, early in his political career, was Editor of a daily paper in Boston called *The Republican;* and what is still more interesting, as a matter of newspaper history, is the circumstance that when Mr. ADAMS relinquished the paper it passed into the hands of HENRY WILSON, now the candidate for Vice-President of the party opposed to Mr. GREELEY and Mr. ADAMS.

INVISIBLE HONORS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A day in the country is good—the real country, far from city, far from artificial adornments, and in the midst of scenes that for ages have felt but little of the hand of man. Even one day in the country is good. But not till you settle down, and cut the strings that bind you to the city, shove out its cares, and rid yourself of its excitements, can you feel the genuine comfort and happiness of being in the country.

Now you have come to stay. The heaven arches over you with peculiar welcome. The clouds cluster along the horizon, or disperse and go a sailing through the great aerial deep, as if to get up for you a celebration. You are adopted—a child at home. The great circle of hills gird you about, and all that dwells within its sphere greets you.

In early, early morning comes the wild chant of birds, that pour their thanksgiving long before the great multitude of citizens are awake. There is but one hearty bird chorus in the day, and that is between four and five in the morning. All the rest of the day is mere practicing—solos, duets, etc.

I note the annual increase of birds upon my hill—shrubbery and small fruits draw them hither. Only cats molest them, and they do it only 'on the sly.' Each year some new specimen appears, or some bird familiar in near groves betakes himself to my trees. I have to announce to all my friends, that I now have wood-thrushes of my own, and am not obliged to borrow of Mr. Dayton, or Kittredge, or Lyman Beecher Carhart. They can come and hear my thrushes now when theirs give out, and take it in pay for the music which I have hitherto stolen from their birds. Yes—in my trees, thrushes build, and sing, and rear their young. That means a good deal. Wood-thrushes are shy, but not solitary. They demand security; they will not be roused rudely. A robin may be chased with as much impunity as a house fly. It does not disgust him. He comes back. In cherry time you cannot drive them away. If you come close to the tree, they merely get higher, or skulk behind the leaves; or if you pelt them, they fly but a rod or two, hold their tongues, and the moment you turn your back, they fly again into the tree. Robins have no delicacy, no tender sensibilities, that keep them back in the world. But their cousins, the wood-thrushes, are sensitive and retiring. They shrink from observation. No compliment can be greater to a dwelling than to have wood-thrushes adopt it, and build in its new trees, and sing their bits of melody right over your head. Colleges give many diplomas not deserved. Nature is the only university that can confer a diploma worth having, and that conveys no false praise.

When old Oxford gave to Lowell Mason his degree of Musical Doctor she did well enough. If he could not sing himself, he certainly caused others to sing. Now I cannot sing like a wood-thrush, and he knows it; but I can listen, I can praise and publish his doings, and I can make his choir sacred. For this he bestows upon me my invisible diploma. It is a diploma uttered, not written. All summer long he calls me L. B.—Lover of Birds. There is honor for you! What are your *Dexters,* your *Longfellows,* your *Joe Elliotts* to me? My race-course is the whole heaven above, my coursers are the birds, their races are the rush of notes. They do not beat the dusty ground with hammering hoofs, but the impalpable air with soft sounds. Commend me to the stable of leaves, the victories of music, and the unbribed honors and emoluments of the forest and the air, in the real tranquil country!

IS SHE, OR IS SHE NOT?

Music is a heavenly maid, so we are told. But to my thinking, that depends on circumstances. For instance, suppose "Music," in the shape of a brass band, is located right up against your state-room door in a steamboat, where you had visions of dodging Point Judith by a recumbent posture and a nap?

Music is anything but a heavenly maid about that time!

Or if you are writing, and a wheezy organ stops before your window—beloved by your neighbor who has children to be amused, but detested by your discord-hating ear to the point of insanity—how about "Music, the heavenly maid," *then?*

Or if you are in a street car, with a carpet of wet, nasty straw beneath your feet, and a stack of wet umbrellas and dripping garments and mouldy market baskets about you on all sides, and "Music, heavenly maid," appears in the shape of a starved Italian urchin and dilapidated accordeon, what then?

Or suppose she appears to you in the shape of a young Miss, the talented daughter of an old friend, who, having run up and down the scales two or three times, considers herself equal to the "Battle of Prague," and the "Anvil Chorus?" I tell you there is nothing but "Revelation" truer than a copy in my old writing-book, that "circumstances alter cases."

FANNY FERN.

Border Etiquette.

"What *is* murder, if your Honor please?" exclaimed a far-Western lawyer, in the midst of a plea for his client. "It is a breach of etiquette," blandly replied his Honor.

That was several years ago. Since that refined period murder seems to have ceased to be even a breach of etiquette in the border towns of the far West. It is now simply an eccentricity of feeling ultimated in hasty action.

Within a short time we have read accounts of the shooting of a village marshal by a village mayor, of the fatal stabbing of a physician by an offended patient, of the shooting of a distasteful husband by a fastidious wife, and of the cutting of a father's throat by an aggrieved son, aged nineteen years, all of which "eccentricities" were developed along the Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas lines.

We observed that the same papers which gave the particulars of these shootings, stabbings, and throat-cuttings, also complained of a stagnation of business, of the low price of real estate, and especially of the falling off in immigration, "hardly any new settlers coming in." We shouldn't think there would be. New settlers don't like to go where they will stand a chance of being killed and buried before they can build their cabins.

Sad Death of a Little Emigrant.

[From the Albert Lea (Minnesota) Enterprise.]

We are informed of a sad accident that occurred at Freeborn, last Friday, which resulted in the death of a little boy of seven years. Some emigrants that were passing west had lifted their children in the wagon, and were themselves attending to the stock. A young girl was driving the team, and as her little brother was attempting to climb from the wagon, he slipped and fell, the wheel passing over his body. The sister, seeing the affair, stopped the team as quick as possible, and, in her fright, probably pulled too hard on the reins, and the horses backed, the wheel again passed over the poor boy, killing him. This was a sad affair for the bereaved parents, who, after being so suddenly bereft of their darling boy, were obliged to bury him among strangers.

The Fastest Time.

DEXTER'S mile in 2:16, was the fastest mile ever trotted, either in public or private, under any circumstances, until Mr. BONNER'S horse, Joe Elliott, trotted week before last, in 2:15½, on Mystic Park, Boston.

THE STARLING'S NEST.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

All the shaded length of the village street,
Up the Ryder road, where the highways meet,
Down the trodden path of the Woodside way,
There are eyes upraised through the livelong day:

Upraised—not quite to the sunny sky;
Upraised—not quite to the Lord on high;
Only up to the face of the dim gray tower,
Where the clock keeps count for the passing hour.

Weary eyes that watch over beds of pain,
Glimmer morning glad, as it shines again;
And the failing ears, almost done with Time,
Welcome in the surge of its early chime.

Then the bare brown hands that may never rest
Till they lie a-cold on the brawny breast,
Watching, point above to toil-marked "seven,"
That is—O, so far!—this side of Heaven.

See! the school-boy waits for the warning sign
Of the pointers touching the fateful nine;
Or salutes, with shout of unbounded glee,
The familiar angle that symbols three.

The housewife peeps from the gate on-swung,
Choosing not to trust to the clanging tongue,
When the ovened loaf takes its golden hue,
And the round of the mystic hour is through.

The maiden flits through the vine-wreathed gate,
Thinking laggard Love at his tryst is late;
Pushing roses down as she hurries out—
Tripping back ashamed of the passing doubt.

* * * * * *

There is sad commotion this summer day,
Up the Ryder road, down the Woodside way,
For the golden hands of the faithful clock,
Dragging first, have come to a moveless lock.

The dream-torn sleep of the sick is done,
But no clang rings out with the rising sun;
And the workman lags an unwonted hour,
With unshaken faith in the trusted tower.

So the school-boy's task is at noon unlearned,
So the comely loaf of the housewife burned;
The maid and her lover have quarrelled sore,
On a point of time betwixt three and four.

Then a skillful hand and a steady head
Up the spiral climbs, with a careful tread,
Peering here and there, under wheel and chain,
Bidding Time, the laggard, move on again.

"Tell us, skillful one, do you find a clog?
Has a timber dropped on a wheel or cog?
Has a mighty bar from its angle tipped,
Or a trusted chain from its spindle slipped?"

"Nay, good townsmen; see!" In the great brown palm
Laid the mighty cause of unwonted calm:
But a gathered handful of sticks and moss,
With a fibre woven its breadth across!

Plumed with feather lost from the builder's breast,
To tell that a starling had built the nest.
Where the starling went, why he builded so,
Neither you nor I, nor the townsmen, know.

A LIVE COUNT IN PUDDINGSTONE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Miss Eurydice Wilkins was the paragon of her sex, a pattern of its virtues, a—a— But, pshaw!—I always *did* break down after starting off that way. In plain words, she was a maiden lady of forty-five autumns, every one of which stood confessed in her looks.

According to her, she had not trod the narrow path of maidenhood without many and urgent solicitations to depart therefrom. But difficult to please was Miss Eurydice. The right man—if he existed—had never come; all others she had sent packing.

Her dead brother had done wisely, everybody said, in leaving to Miss Eurydice the guardianship of his infant daughter, with an unqualified *veto* on any choice of a husband she might make. A lady who had so circumspectly guarded herself, could not but be a fit person to shield another against the plots of matrimonial adventurers.

That the authority thus conferred might not lack the means of enforcement, little Pattie's fortune—a very handsome one, by the way—was made dependent on her strict conformity, matrimonially, to the wishes of her aunt, to whom, in case of disobedience, the whole was to escheat.

Had Miss Eurydice ever been as pretty as Pattie grew to be, she might have deserved more credit for being still enrolled in the ranks of the singly blessed. Be that as it may, she soon found the post she had assumed was no sinecure. David Copperfield's aunt was not kept in hotter water by the inroads of donkeys, than Pattie's was by the intrusion of suitors.

In her aunt's summary treatment of these—all but one—Pattie cheerfully concurred. But when Arthur Brande was forbidden the house, and Pattie commanded never to see him again, her beautiful eyes first flashed with the fire of rebellion, then filled with tears; for Pattie loved and respected her aunt, who had reared her tenderly, and never, until now, given her a harsh word.

But Miss Eurydice had in view a match of her own for Pattie. A distinguished foreigner, the Frenchest of Frenchmen and a Count to boot, had set all Puddingstone in a flutter. Count Le Veau was a real lion. He outdressed the fashion, and wore the ends of his mustache waxed like the Third Napoleon's, and turned up like a couple of fish-hooks. Then he spoke such a charming medley of French and English, danced so divinely, and went into such spasms of rapture over nothing, that all the ladies cried "superb!" and all the young men swore. There was something so satisfying to Miss Eurydice's ambition in the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she quite set her heart upon it.

Arthur Brande was studying law in the city, and could only pay an occasional flying visit to Puddingstone to spend a few stolen hours with Pattie. In his absence the Count was assiduous in his attentions, which Pattie received for two reasons: in the first place, it pleased her aunt; in the next, it was so funny to listen to his "*mong dews!*" and to see him place his hand on his "*coor,*" as he called it, and roll up his eyes like a man inspired, or—colic-stricken.

One day the Count presented himself more exquisitely gotten up than usual—in a style, indeed, only possible to himself, and to *him* only when he gave his whole mind to it.

After hoping that he found "*Mamsell tray feäng,*" he deliberately unfolded the snowiest of handkerchiefs with the richest of borders, spread it out on the carpet, and got down on one knee.

"Mamsell!" he sighed.

"*Moshoo,*" answered Pattie, who had already caught the Count's Parisian accent.

"*Mong pover coor!*—my poor vat you call heart!" said the Count.

"Can't you find it?" inquired Pattie, noticing his fingers fumbling dubiously in the vicinity of his watch-fob.

"Oh! Mamsell, *eel breeze*—eet smash!—vat *shall* I do?"

"Save the pieces," Pattie suggested.

"I lay zem at your feet, Mamsell!"

"I think I should prefer a *whole* one," said Pattie, with a mischievous laugh.

"Don't be a fool," she added, just in time to stop the Count at the beginning of Heaven knows what other outburst.

He wasn't a fool, and knew as well as any man when a woman says "No" and *means* it.

"May I ask Mamsell vun leetle vat you call favor?" asked the Count, rising and dusting the knees of his pantaloons.

"What is it?" said Pattie.

"Nevare to tell Mamsell, your aunt."

Pattie promised, on condition that he wouldn't do so any more, which condition was accepted.

The Count, we have said, was no fool. Miss Eurydice's fortune was quite equal to that of Pattie. Besides, she held it subject to no contingency, save that of its being one day enhanced by the addition of Pattie's, should the latter happen to marry Arthur Brande without her aunt's consent—a possibility of which the Count had heard rather more than a hint. As a matter of taste and money combined, he would have preferred a match with Pattie; but *that* out of the question, one with her aunt seemed the next most eligible scheme.

So much premised, the reader will hardly be astonished to find the Count, a few days later, in Miss Eurydice's *boudoir,* spreading out the same handkerchief—or the fellow to it—assuming the same romantic posture, going over the same formula about his "*pover coor,*" and making the same offer of its fragments to Miss Eurydice he had before made to Pattie. So much alike were the two scenes that one might have been the rehearsal for the other.

An energetic sniff at her smelling-salts was all that enabled the lady to command her feelings. In more than twenty years they had not been tried so.

"I—I thought," at length she muttered, "it was Pattie that—"

"*Snay pah Mamsell Pattee*—'tees not Mees Pattee—'tees yourself—*voo-mame*—veech I haf all ze time lofe!"

And the Count took her hand—and she let him. He devoured it with kisses, and swore—in French, of course—never to rise till she promised to be his. And—would you believe it?—the relentless Eurydice, the pattern of one sex and the terror of the other, she who had run up the black flag in early youth, and never shown quarter since, struck her colors, without firing a shot, at the first summons to surrender of the redoubtable Count Le Veau.

"But what will Pattie say?" queried Miss Eurydice, when everything was settled.

The question was a more embarrassing one than the Count cared to own. What if Miss Pattie, on learning the true state of the case, took it into her head to consider the compact between them at an end, and to make a full disclosure to her aunt? Would not his new-born hopes be scattered to the winds?

"Mees Pattee?"—he mused perplexedly a moment. Then suddenly brightening—"Mees Pattee—vy tell her ennyzing teel all is ovare?"

Miss Eurydice caught at the suggestion. There was an old clergyman near, on whose friendly offices she could count in such an emergency; and of Pattie's affection she felt too well assured to apprehend unkindly criticism from *her,* once "all was over." It was ridicule *beforehand* that she dreaded.

It was a bright spring morning when Miss Eurydice and the Count, in wedding array, alighted at the clergyman's door. Half way up the steps, they met a couple coming out—as comely a one as you could wish to see. On the arm of a young man, whose handsome features beamed with a look of mingled tenderness and pride, leaned a beautiful girl, whose tell-tale smiles and blushes left no doubt as to the nature of her and her companion's errand.

As the two couples met, both started in amazement.

"Your pardon and your blessing, aunt!" cried Pattie, throwing her arms about Miss Eurydice's neck. "You see, Arthur wouldn't wait any longer, and—and—*we've just been getting married!*"

The Count was unable to repress a chuckle. This forbidden marriage he reckoned worth a prospective cool hundred thousand.

But why didn't Miss Eurydice "vat you call 'flare up?'"—that was what puzzled the Count. Could it be she was going to forgive her niece? The question was speedily settled. Miss Eurydice felt herself in no condition to play the inexorable. Besides, at such a moment, every woman yearns for confidence.

"I both forgive and bless you, darling," said Miss Eurydice; "and, in turn, must crave as much of you, for I, too, have come to be married."

"To that man?" exclaimed Pattie, wonder-struck.

"To that man?" repeated Arthur Brande, his face flushed with anger. "It is impossible!"

"Your interference, sir," retorted Miss Eurydice, "is both offensive and officious. You have not the honor of this gentleman's acquaintance."

"I have not, indeed, that *honor,*" Arthur rejoined; "but he has been pointed out to me in the city as a swindler and a blackleg, and he is now in hiding from the authorities."

"Sare, I shall do myself ze plaiseer to demand ze grand satisfaction for zees!" bristled up the Count.

"And *I* shall do myself the pleasure to horsewhip you within an inch of your life, if you don't stop your Peter Funk French, and take yourself off at once," replied Arthur. "If you will leave the neighborhood within an hour, without a whisper as to what has occurred, you shall go unmolested—otherwise it shall be to a prison," he added.

The Count took French leave.

Arthur and Pattie rode home with Aunt Eurydice, in whose presence neither ever mentioned the Count's name afterward.

Doctors Shaking Public Confidence in Their Own Profession.

The doctors who testified, on the trial of Mr. STOKES, differed widely as to the real cause of Col. FISK'S death. Some were sure that he died from shock; while others were equally positive that he was overdosed with opium.

We do not undertake to decide which of these opposing theories was right, although it does appear that the *symptoms* were those which usually follow an overdose of opium; but what strikes us is the effect on the public mind which must be produced by the mere disagreement itself in this medical testimony. It must greatly weaken the confidence in medical treatment generally. Some of the physicians who gave this contradictory evidence are among the most distinguished in the country, and if they cannot agree upon a case apparently so plain as this, people will perceive what a lack there must be of certainty and positive knowledge in medical science.

Col. FISK would probably have died of his wound any way, but it seems to be far from certain that his life might not have been prolonged several days by different treatment.

[From the Philadelphia Commercial List.]

When the Dark Comes.

A little girl sat at twilight in her sick mother's room thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and many times worried her poor, tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you tell why?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am afraid of that. And then, Ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good."

"Oh!" thought I, "how many of us wait till the dark comes, in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to act good! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine, and then, 'when the dark comes'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

A Pond of Warm Water more than One Hundred Feet Deep.

[From the New Bedford Mercury.]

Just below the summit of the Green Mountains, three-fourths of a mile south of the Hancock turnpike, is situated a pond of water, that deserves to be classed among the curiosities of Vermont. Its length is some one hundred rods, while its width is about fifty rods. It is of unknown depth, but has been sounded one hundred feet without bottom. As far as known, it is fed by only one small spring of ice-cold water that would scarcely fill a half-inch pipe, while its outlet is six or eight times as large. Its waters are very warm. Trout and leeches of large size inhabit the pond in goodly numbers, the latter especially.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Prince Henry of Portugal, called the Navigator, was born in the year 1394. He was the son of John the First, King of Portugal, and of Queen Philippa his wife, an English princess, daughter of that "old John of Gaunt" who figures in Shakespeare. For several generations before his birth, the royal family of Portugal had been, for that age, truly superior and enlightened people, patrons of knowledge, and distinguished in many ways above the kings and nobles of the period. Prince Henry was signally blessed in having one of the noblest of mothers, who brought up her children with care and strictness, and caused them to be thoroughly taught in Latin, Greek and mathematics. The father, on his part, had them inured to hardship as young soldiers, trained in horsemanship, and bred to arms. All their children, as it appears, manifested a love of knowledge most unusual at any time in their sphere. Prince Henry's favorite subjects from his youth up were astronomy and geography.

When the Prince was twenty-one, his two elder brothers and himself waited for an opportunity to win the spurs of knighthood by some gallant feat of arms. The king proposed a series of tournaments. No, said a wise old minister. Better spend our money in carrying the war against the Moors into Africa, and capture the Moorish stronghold and harbor of Ceuta, whence so many expeditions have sailed to lay waste the Christian portions of Spain and Portugal. Prince Henry was among the first to leap on shore. He so distinguished himself in the assault upon the place, that when the city was taken, the King proposed to knight him upon the very scene of his exploits. But the Prince modestly declined, saying that, as his brothers took precedence of him in age, they should also in honor. It was therefore on the day following, in the great mosque of the city, converted then into a Christian church, that the three princes were solemnly knighted, each in the order of his birth.

While Prince Henry remained in Africa after the victory, he seized the opportunity to make inquiries on a point concerning which he, and in fact all intelligent Europeans, were curious—he above all. He wanted to know how far Africa extended southward. No European knew anything of Africa except the most northern portions of Morocco, and the other countries bordering the Mediterranean sea. The most absurd ideas prevailed respecting the unknown world which lay beyond the land of the Moors, and especially concerning the ocean that washed its shore. Many supposed that the water grew hotter and hotter in the torrid zone, until it boiled; and that somewhere in that fiery region was situated the roaring mouth of hell, into which would be drawn irresistibly any navigator who should be daring and impious enough to sail far in that direction. There was a vague rumor among sailors of a terrible Cape Bojador, which, for all the purposes of navigation, was supposed to be the end of the world, running out into the sea a hundred and fifty miles, flanked by reefs upon which the mightiest waves of the Atlantic broke and thundered always.

Prince Henry being now enriched by his share of the treasures of Ceuta, and appointed by his father to the governorship of the most southern province of Portugal, deliberately made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to increasing man's knowledge of the earth he inhabits. To this end he selected for his abode Cape Sagres, a southern promontory of the kingdom, which juts far out into the ocean, and points directly toward the Madeira Islands, then unknown or forgotten.

Upon this bleak and desolate place he built a mansion, a church, an observatory, an arsenal and a library; the ruins of which still exist. Here he collected books, maps, charts, compasses, and all the other instruments used in navigation. Here, too, he founded a school for the instruction of a number of the young nobility of the kingdom in navigation, geography and mathematics; and he invited men learned in those branches to come from Italy and give instruction to them. A little town grew up about him on that lofty cape, which was called in the Portuguese language Villa do Infante, which we may translate by our familiar name, Princeton.

In 1418, a violent storm blew one of his vessels from the coast of Africa to Porto Santo, one of the Madeira islands, nearly seven hundred miles from Portugal. What a discovery was this! Madeira! one of the finest islands in the world, abounding in all sorts of rich woods and beautiful products. It was Prince Henry who colonized Madeira, who sent thither the vine cuttings, from which for three centuries the world was supplied with its best wine. The news of this discovery spread all over Europe, and gave the greatest encouragement to the Prince to continue his labors.

Years passed. The Azores and the Canaries were discovered. It had become a common thing to sail a few hundred miles out into the ocean to the island of Madeira; and thus a number of brave and hardy navigators were formed. Nevertheless, when the Prince had been pushing his discoveries for fifteen years, no one had as yet dared to sail down along the coast of Africa past that awful Cape Bojador, only a few hundred miles beyond the city of Morocco. In 1433, the Prince sent out one of his bravest knights, named Gil Eannes, in a small sailing vessel, telling him to sail around Cape Bojador, and bring back some account of what there was on the other side. The young captain sailed boldly enough at first, but as he neared the Cape, four old sailors told him such fearful tales of what they had heard about it, that he hesitated and put into one of the Canary Islands, where he stole a load of natives and returned with them to Portugal. The Prince was disappointed and indignant.

"If," said he, "there were the slightest authority for these stories that they tell, I would not blame you; but you come to me with the statements of four seamen who have been accustomed to the voyage to Flanders, or some other well-known route, and beyond that have no knowledge of the needle or the sailing chart. Go out then, again, and give no heed to their opinions; for, by the grace of God, you cannot fail to derive from your voyage both honor and profit. No perils that you encounter can be so great that your reward shall not be greater if you accomplish the object."

The young knight, upon hearing these words, resolved in his heart, that he would go beyond Cape Bojador, or never return to confess his failure. Of course the danger was purely imaginary. He rounded the cape with the utmost ease, and when he had passed it, he stood in, and cast anchor in a small, tranquil bay. He went on shore, found no inhabitants, gathered a few plants, and returned home. This achievement, physically speaking, was of the most trifling character; but its moral effect was only inferior to that of the discovery of Madeira. Gil Eannes was the peerless hero of the year.

From this time the navigators were far bolder in their expeditions southward, and scarcely a year passed without adding a degree or two to the known part of the African coast. Soon the merchandise brought from Africa and the islands became so valuable, that the merchants of Portugal were glad to fit out ships and send them down the coast in quest of gold and slaves. When Prince Henry died, in 1460, his navigators had gone as far as the equator, and he had created a spirit of adventure and discovery that from that day to this has never slumbered, until now nearly the whole world is known. The fame of the Portuguese navigators drew Columbus from his native Genoa to Lisbon, where he gained his livelihood by making maps and charts for the captains trained in the school of Prince Henry; not unfrequently sailing himself down the coast of Africa in Portuguese vessels.

THE ROMANCE OF A STOCKING—A SONG.

BY JAMES J. AYERS.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

You may sing of your faces bewitching,
Darting eyes that no heart can withstand—
Classic features the beauty enriching—
Tap'ring fingers and delicate hand:
None of these, though, my heart has set aching;
Nor would riches combined set it breaking;
No, it throbs at the thoughts that come flocking
From the graceful contour of a stocking—
Oh, a stocking as white as the snow,
Just before me wherever I go!

From the first day I saw that arch ankle
Trip fairy-like off in the street,
Its symmetrical grace brought emotions
And feelings no pen can repeat.
There was mystery of loveliness in it!
No art-padded stocking could bring it
To the beautiful shape it possessed,
Or the plumpness its white fabric pressed:
Oh, a stocking as white as the snow,
That haunts me wherever I go.

When the sun in the morning's ascending,
Aureoling the sky with his tints—
With traceries of russet-clad gardens,
Seas of argence and gold-crimsoned glints;
Like the artist, who, radiant with joy at the scene,
Sees a glory in dawn to all others unseen,
So see I through my eyes, with those ankles before me,
A bliss that entrances—MY sunrise of glory!
Encased in their stockings of snow,
That haunt me wherever I go!

Some day yet, perhaps my devotion
May win me a place by their side,
And a recompense gain from their owner—
Oh, rapture! it may be a bride!
How fondly, ah! then, to my bosom I'll press
The breast of the one to whom never before
My lowly love rose 'bove the hem of her dress,
And from thence to her feet was content to adore:
From thence to her feet! let it be so no more;
But from thence to her SOUL—blended love evermore!
And we'll bless that white stocking, wherever we go,
In health or in sickness, in weal or in woe!

San Buenaventura, California, May 19, 1872.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS NIECE.

As the sunlight poured into the dingy dark room, making the rays of the lamp pale and wan, the convict ceased to howl, mutter, mumble and strike.

He pressed his hands to his head suddenly, closed his eyes for a moment like a person in great pain, and then sank down to his former seat. He stretched his arms across the table, and let his massive head and brow sink heavily between them.

The pawnbroker, standing near the now open window, watched him curiously.

"Why is that window open?" demanded Perez, after a long pause, and raising his head suddenly.

"Why, you see, my dear Captain, I really thought daylight would be a—a kind of antidote, you know," stammered the pawnbroker, not sure whether his visitor was mad or merely haunted.

"An antidote to what, you fool? But close the window again—and the shutters. I am all right again."

"But you see, my dear Captain, you may soon be all wrong again."

"Look you, Gomaza. Did you hear me say anything?"

"Well—no—except when you began to cry out 'away! down!' and the like."

"Nothing like the word confess—eh?"

"Oh, no; nothing like that, my dear Captain. The fact is, I was so startled, I may say scared, that I could not distinguish anything that you said."

"I am very glad that you did not. Close the window as it was, and sit down again."

The pawnbroker obeyed.

"Let me tell you something, Gomaza, which it will be well for you to remember," said Perez, with a scowl that did not increase the ease of his listener. "I was accused of the murder of Angelos Rio?"

"Yes, yes; a false, a rascally accusation—and you were acquitted, you know, my dear Captain."

"It does not matter whether I was or not, Gomaza. I have only this to say: I will kill the man that ever hints that I harmed the son of my mother. I am subject to a kind of infirmity that at times makes me imagine I see things."

"Things, Captain?"

"Spirits—ghosts—things that are not. Diablos! Of course it is all imagination—diseased imagination," said Perez, drawing his powerful frame into a heap, and shuddering. "This infirmity seldom troubled me in the mines—not enough to attract the notice of others; it only came upon me when I was alone, and in the dark—never if a light was burning near me. For five years, till to-day, I have been free from it. I do not know why it has renewed its attacks upon me here, after letting me alone for five years."

Perez paused.

The pawnbroker said to himself:

"Perhaps it is because the million of reals he has made me agree to give back to him, in truth belonged to Angelos Rio. I am sure I do not know. I only know that Rio once made a will, leaving all his property to the Church, in case he were to die suddenly; and I believe Sancho Perez destroyed that will, and so the wealth of his brother fell to him, and he put it into my hands to save it from confiscation. One thing I do hope, and that is, that the ghost of Angelos Rio will never haunt me."

"So take no notice of what I may say, nor of how I may act at times, Gomaza," continued Perez. "I tell you frankly that the thing I at such times think I see, is the semblance of my mother's son, Angelos Rio. It demands that I shall seek to avenge his death upon the man that murdered him. That man was Lopez Soares—of course."

"Oh, of course, Captain."

"But I have other business to do, Gomaza. I must first be avenged upon Isadora Raymundo."

"Very true, Captain; and what had Isadora Raymundo to do with old Smolenski and his niece?"

"This: It was my purpose to return to San Domingo, as soon as I should have attended to securing the property which became mine by the death of Angelos Rio. I know that I should have found Smolenski and his niece somewhere. I tell you I was madly in love at the time. I meant to find Angelique, and I would. But soon after my return to Havana, and on the very day that I was about to set sail for San Domingo, I received a letter from this Isadora Raymundo—whoever that is—the tenor of which forced me to go to New Orleans. Well, on my return, I was arrested on that false order of arrest, which all know was obtained by a vailed woman who called herself Isadora Raymundo. After that followed my trial and conviction for piracy, smuggling and the like. I meant to find Angelique Smolenski, and to make her my wife. But for Isadora Raymundo, I would have found Angelique, married her, and as I was rich enough to be honest, as they say, why, I would have lived the rest of my life a happy and sober-lived husband. That is," he added internally, "if the accursed thing had not haunted me."

"You have given up all hope of ever seeing Angelique again, have you, Captain?"

"Puf! She is dead or married, or grown twelve years older by this time," replied Perez. "Did you say that Paul Smolenski is dead?"

"Of that I am not sure. He was in San Domingo after you were sent to Spain. I chanced to have some business matter there a month after you left. You had asked me to make some inquiry after the old man. I did so. I learned only that he had been seen for a day or two in his cottage a week or so before my arrival, and that he had then disappeared. His cottage was burned up, and as human bones were found in the ashes it was believed that old Paul had perished in the flames. I had never heard of his niece, nor that he had one, till you spoke of her just now."

"Before I sailed from San Domingo for Havana, on that last voyage," said Perez, "the ship's cook was suddenly taken ill, and Angelos Rio engaged for the voyage an old negro named Poncho. I never noticed the negro during the whole voyage. I do not think that I more than once glanced at him, and then only for an instant—that was when Rio said to me, an hour before we sailed, 'I have hired a cook for the voyage. His name is Poncho. There he is.' He pointed at an old negro, who seemed very anxious about the safe hoisting aboard of a large chest which Rio said contained the old man's own pots and pans, and the like—without which Rio said Poncho, who was a free negro, had refused to come. It was after dark, and I did not more than glance at the negro. I do not think I ever gazed steadily into his face, or gave him more than a passing glance. That negro disappeared from the *Doubloon*, and his great chest with him, in an hour after we arrived at our pier in Havana harbor. I had reason to wish to see him afterward—just before I sailed for New Orleans. I ordered everybody to hunt for Poncho. I heard you telling the Senor in your shop this morning what old Syphaxo told you about my eagerness to find Poncho. Well, after a time, Lopez Soares—mind that—Lopez Soares led an old negro to me, and said:

"'Here is old Poncho, Captain. He has been on a visit to a brother of his.'

"So far as I could see, the negro was Poncho, the hired cook. As I told you, I had never more than glanced at the old fellow when he was on board the *Doubloon*. The old negro led to me by Lopez Soares said he was Poncho, and seemed in great terror—in fact, I know he trembled. Well, I did not doubt that he was Poncho. My fear had been that, when I should find Poncho, if I found him at all, he would prove to be a white person in disguise. But the man Lopez Soares told me was Poncho, was undoubtedly a negro. Diablos! I had a fear, a suspicion on my mind at the time that made me have the old fellow stripped to the skin. Remember, I never once, at that time, suspected that the fellow was not Poncho, that is, the man hired by Angelos Rio in San Domingo."



CAPTAIN SANCHO PEREZ AROUSED BY THE KNOCKING AT THE PAWNBROKER'S DOOR.

"Yes, but you did suspect, or had suspected that Poncho, so called, was a white man?"

"Or a white woman."

"Oh!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, and staring in a bewildered way.

"No matter what I suspected, nor why I had suspected," continued Perez. "I was for the time satisfied that my suspicion was baseless. I was in a fury because my suspicion had, as I then believed, proved to be false, and I ordered Lopez Soares to give him forty lashes on the bare back. I also told the old negro, if ever I caught him on the *Doubloon* again, I would hang him at the yard-arm, lock his body up in his old chest, and pitch it overboard. I have never seen nor heard of him since—till yesterday."

"Ah! till yesterday, Captain?"

"Wait. When Lopez Soares brought the negro to me, and said, 'Here is Poncho,' I was in my private office alone, and it was night. I held a lighted lamp to the negro's face, and studied it as I would a chart of shoals and reefs, because I expected to detect that Poncho was a white person, in the disguise of a negro. Therefore the features of the negro, and especially of a scar on his forehead, have remained for ever engraved on my memory. I often thought of that negro's face when I was in the mines, because, while I was in the mines, I got to suspecting that the negro brought to me by Lopez Soares was not the Poncho hired by Angelos Rio in San Domingo."

"Oh!" said Gomaza, much interested. "Why did you suspect that, Captain?"

"Because, as Lopez Soares was a traitor to me in giving the false order for my arrest to the commandant at Cardenas, it was very probable that he had already been a traitor to me in declaring that the negro with the scar was Poncho."

"That is a very probable supposition, Captain."

Had the pawnbroker known that Perez feared "Poncho" had witnessed the murder of Angelos Rio, he would have been more emphatic in his acquiescence of the probability.

"And while in the mines," continued Perez, "where a man can think a great deal as he digs—diablos!—I came to suspect that the chest of Poncho—whoever he was—contained more than pots and pans."

"Ah! I see!"

"It was a large chest, Gomaza—I remembered that; and that it was lashed on deck near the cook's caboose. I remembered too, that several holes had been bored in the chest. It must always have been under the eye of Poncho. In the mines, and by degrees, I conceived a belief—I have it yet—that the negro brought to me by Lopez Soares was not Poncho, that Poncho was a white man in disguise, and since yesterday I have believed that his chest contained a person; that Poncho was Paul Smolenski—"

"Abraham and all the saints!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, Jewish and Christian in his mingled ejaculations. "Popes and Patriarchs!"

"And that the person in the chest—if any there was—was Angelique."

"Oh!" said the pawnbroker, unable to say anything else.

"I told you this belief came to my mind slowly in the mines," continued Perez. "It did, with one exception. Not while I was in the mines, not until yesterday, did I even suspect that Poncho was Smolenski, or that the person in the chest was Angelique. I did, however, suspect that Poncho was a white man in disguise, and that there was a mystery of his in the chest. But yesterday, soon after I landed, and while I strolled about the piers, I came upon an old negro fishing. He was of a class that would gossip with a man in rags. I accosted him. He took off his old straw hat, and bowed as he returned my salutation. Diablos!" said Perez, smiting the table, "it was Poncho!"

"The real Poncho?"

"No; the negro Lopez Soares had brought to me as the real Poncho—the negro with the scar on his forehead. Caramba! nor had I forgotten the features. Twelve years had made not the slightest perceptible change in that hard, black and wrinkled face. I did not say but one word, as I recognized the face that I had studied so closely twelve years before—the face that my memory had studied for twelve years in the mines. I said, Diablos! The old negro said instantly, 'Don't say that, master.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because it always puts old Juan in mind of a man what was as near a devil as ever any man was when he was mad.' I saw he was a true old negro gossip. I sat down by him, gave him a real, and told him to tell me all about that man who was so much like a devil. I found that he nourished a deep hatred for Captain Sancho Perez, because that gentleman had once flown at him like a tiger, nearly burned his face off with a lamp, had him stripped to the skin, and ordered him to be flogged. He then went on to say that about twelve years before, not long before I was sent to Spain—where he hoped I had died—he chanced to be in an old and vacant house in the suburbs, asleep. He was waked by the noise of hoofs in the paved court-yard. He remained quiet in the old doorless closet in which he was, and in which for several nights he had slept. Very soon—it was night—two men took a large chest into the room to which the closet belonged. One then struck a light, and Juan saw that the man was, or seemed to be, a negro. The other was a white man, and in the garb of a sailor. The two hastily opened the chest, and the man like a negro aided a young and handsome man to get out of the chest."

"A young man, Captain?"

"So old Juan at first supposed," replied Perez. "But he soon discovered from the conversation of the three that the pretended negro was a white man, the pretended young man a beautiful and very pale young white woman—in brief, the three were Paul Smolenski, his niece Angelique, and my sailor Lopez Soares. They detected Juan's presence in the closet before he could learn more than that the young woman was nearly dead from exhaustion and long imprisonment in that chest on board the *Doubloon*. The two men flew at Juan, and were about to put him to death—in fact the sailor was strangling him, when the young woman said something in a foreign language to the pretended negro, who instantly dragged the sailor's hold loose. After that, Juan said he was ready to die in the service of the unknown young woman. The sailor went away, after the other man—Smolenski—had given him a handful of gold. Then Juan discovered, to his amazement, that one of the rooms of the old deserted house was to be inhabited for a time by the young woman, and that he was to act as a kind of sentinel. He had no objection, as Smolenski paid him well, and promised more—and threatened to kill him if he refused or played them false.

The young woman went out several times, dressed in plain woman's attire, and deeply vailed. That was all Juan knew about her movements. The white man, Smolenski, was also absent at times. But Juan knew nothing about him, except that the sailor called him Smolenski, and the young woman called him Paul. Juan did not have the first name right, but I knew he meant Smolenski. He heard them both speak of the sailor as Lopez. Of course it was Lopez Soares. Well, after the three had been in the old house a day or two, the sailor came there in great haste, and the three had a long talk, not understood by Juan. But it ended by the young woman asking him, as she had saved his life, to serve her by going with Lopez that night to my private office; to call himself Poncho, and to stick to it that he had served on the *Doubloon* as cook from San Domingo. Juan had never seen nor been seen by me, and for love and gratitude and a liberal reward, and promise of more, and fear of the two men, he agreed to personate the part of Poncho. He put on the garb which Smolenski had worn on the *Doubloon*, and after being well drilled by the others, played his part as I told you, and, diablos! completely deceived me. Lopez did not give him the forty lashes which I ordered, however—caramba! I may give them to the old rascal yet! How he chuckled and grinned as he told me how he had deceived Captain Sancho Perez, whose wealth and 'diablos' he had never forgotten! I had a great desire to tumble the old rogue into the water, but I thought better of it. And that was all Juan could tell me, except that Smolenski gave him more money on that night, and sent him into the country. Juan said it took three days for him to go to the place where Smolenski sent him, and three days to return.

When he returned he heard no more of Smolenski and the young woman. They had probably sent him away on a false errand, that their departure and future movements should be unknown to Juan. I asked the garrulous old fellow if he had ever told this story to any one. He said that he had been paid by Smolenski not to speak of it for a year; and that Lopez had threatened to kill him, if he ever spoke of it. That he afterward suspected that the Lopez Soares of the *Doubloon*, who was declared to be the murderer of Angelos Rio, was the sailor who had nearly strangled him; and that fear of trouble made him say nothing of his acquaintance with Lopez for several years; and that when he did speak of it he was laughed at, and told that he must have dreamed, or been drunk. But the old fellow vowed his story was true, and I have every reason to know that, in the main, it must be true. So now I have little doubt that Angelos Rio, either because he loved Angelique himself, or in order to make money out of my passion for her, persuaded Smolenski to smuggle the young woman over to Havana in the chest, in the manner described; that Lopez Soares was Rio's accomplice; that after Rio's death, Smolenski and Lopez, fearing my anger if I discovered the trick they had played on me, took every precaution they could imagine to conceal it. But I would have discovered it all, root and branch, had my intended return to San Domingo not been cut short by the schemes of Isadora Raymundo, which just at that time demanded of me an immediate voyage to New Orleans."

"This Isadora Raymundo had some hold on you then, Captain."

"Yes," replied Perez, with a bitter curse launched at the unknown; "and so firm a hold that, though I knew not who Isadora Raymundo was, I was forced to obey."

During his slavery in the mines, Perez had formed a belief that his assassination of Angelos Rio had not been witnessed by the person in the chest, nor by the man called Poncho, nor by Lopez Soares. He had in the beginning conceived a suspicion that the deed had been witnessed by no one, and that the unknown Isadora Raymundo, knowing his character intimately, had accused him of the deed at random, as it were, knowing that if the charge was true he would not dare refuse to obey the orders of this "Isadora Raymundo."

But after meditation, and the discovery that Lopez Soares had given the forged order of arrest to the commandant at Cardenas, caused Perez to believe that Lopez was a secret agent of "Isadora Raymundo," and only one of his crew to spy upon him; that Lopez had suspected the assassination of Angelos Rio, and told "Isadora Raymundo" of the suspicion after his arrival at Havana, or told that person enough to create the suspicion that Perez had killed Rio.

In brief, the convict had no doubt that the mysterious "Isadora Raymundo" had had schemes, prior to Rio's death, which demanded the use of Sancho Perez as a tool, and that Lopez Soares had joined the crew of the *Doubloon* at San Domingo, to spy upon Sancho Perez until the latter should commit such an act as might place him wholly, and as a blind slave, in the power of "Isadora Raymundo."

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE SENOR.

Nor had Sancho Perez, after his conversation with the negro fisherman Juan, ceased to believe that Lopez Soares had been the secret agent of "Isadora Raymundo;" and to suspect that Lopez Soares alone, if any human eye had witnessed the assassination of Angelos Rio, had seen him slay that unfortunate man.

He did not believe that "Poncho"—that is, the disguised Paul Smolenski—had witnessed it.

Nor that the young woman in the chest had witnessed it.

Nor that Lopez Soares had witnessed it.

Nor that it had been seen by any mortal.

Only that Lopez Soares had had cause to suspect it, and very strong cause, which had prompted the unknown Isadora Raymundo to act on that suspicion.

To Isadora Raymundo, man or woman, he attributed all his misfortunes.

If Smolenski or Angelique or Soares had witnessed the murder, why did not Lopez Soares appear to defend himself at the trial?

That Isadora Raymundo had had the slightest agency, or even knowledge of the acts of the Russian Smolenski and the young woman Angelique, and of what old Juan had told, Sancho Perez did not believe.

That affair, thought Perez, was, in the beginning, one of the strange and often absurd speculations of Angelos Rio, either for love, for money, or for love of Angelique, or to make money upon the passion of Perez.

"You see," said Perez to the pawnbroker, "that but for Isadora Raymundo, I would have traced Smolenski and Angelique, and made the latter mine by purchase from her uncle, or by winning her love, or by force, *diablos!*"

"She may be alive and unmarried yet, Captain."

"And if she is," replied Perez, with an oath of bitter wrath, "am I a man to be loved by her—by any woman? I hope she is alive, and happy, whether married or single. I tell you, Gomaza, but for my mania to be avenged on 'Isadora Raymundo,' the very remembrance of the beautiful face of Angelique might make me retreat to some lonely place, to some cave in the mountains, some spot in a desert, some lone island of the sea, and there set up an altar and, worshipping her in solitude, try to repent of my sins!"

"What a thing—nay, what a magician must this love be," thought the pawnbroker, "to find a pure particle in the mass of evil of which the heart of this man-tiger is composed."

"But she is dead, or she is married, or she is a nun, and I am—what I am, diablos!" exclaimed Perez, with a howl of bitterness, and smiting the table. "An escaped convict! a hideous, mangled wretch! a man-devil! a man-tiger!"

"And you owe it all, you think—"

"To Isadora Raymundo! A million maledictions on that one!"

"He or she may be dead, my dear Captain," said the pawnbroker soothingly, and fearful that Perez was about again to howl and stamp, and work himself into a fit of madness, which might end in alarming the whole neighborhood.

"Isadora Raymundo is not dead," replied Perez, in a firm though sullen tone.

"Oh, I thought you said, a while ago, that you did not know whether he or she was dead or alive, Captain."

"I did. I lied. I say now Isadora Raymundo is not dead."

"Are you very sure of that, my dear Captain?"

"I know it. Diablos! The thing tells me that."

"The thing!"

"The spectre—the vision—the ghost—the devil perhaps!" replied Perez; and then to himself, "It bids me cease to nourish a desire to wreak vengeance on Isadora Raymundo. If Isadora Raymundo were not alive for me to pursue, the spectre would not bid me not to take revenge upon Isadora Raymundo. The spectre of Angelos Rio does not tell me whether Isadora Raymundo is a man or a woman. But the negress Mercita, if she be alive, and if I can find her—she may yet be in the household of Madame Ruth Varlville—she shall tell me who Isadora Raymundo is, and where to seek for that person. And if Mercita be dead—what then?"

He muttered the supposition so loudly and distinctly that the quick-eared pawnbroker heard the words clearly.

"Mercita!" thought the pawnbroker, and repeating the name in his mind. "Mercita? Why, that was the name that is signed to that prayer—the paper the Senor lost two thousand reals on—ah! the paper that made him leap up and cry out, as he first saw the writing. Was it because the Senor saw that name, Mercita, signed there?"

"Who is Mercita, my dear Captain?" he ventured to ask.

"Ha! what do you know of Mercita? Diablos! what do you know of any one, black or white, named Mercita?" demanded Perez, unaware that he had uttered the name so as to be heard by the pawnbroker.

"You mentioned that name just now, my dear Captain—and—and—I beg your pardon, Captain—indeed I do—a thousand times—but perhaps you will do well not to speak your thoughts aloud—if, that is to say, you wish to conceal them."

"That is true. I got into the dangerous habit of talking to myself yonder in the mines. Caramba! a bad habit. I must leave it off. But since I mentioned the name, have you ever heard of the name?"

The name had long been forgotten in Havana, so far as it was connected with the fortunes of Sancho Perez. It had been mentioned, as we have said before, only incidentally, as the name of the slave sold by him in New Orleans. One of the two men who had carried Mercita's trunk to the Varlville Mansion stated, at the trial of his captain, that he had heard Madame Varlville call the negress Mercita—this and no more, in answer to the judge, who inquired incidentally if he knew the name of the slave; and the judge asking the question incidentally, and with no suspicion that that slave was in any way connected with the downfall or arrest of Sancho Perez.

A faithful copy of all the proceedings of that trial had been sent to Spain in that letter which we quoted in a preceding chapter, and the name Mercita had been seen by the person to whom that letter was written. But the name was, neither by the writer of that letter, nor by its recipient, supposed to be that of any one connected with the mysterious search then being made for some one known in the letter as "The Living Cross of Saint Andrew."

Gomaza, if he had ever heard the name as being that of the slave Perez had sold in New Orleans twelve years before, had forgotten it. He knew nothing of it, except that it was the name signed to the Lord's Prayer, which had been carried away by the strange Senor, and so he told Perez.

"And who is this Senor?" demanded Perez.

"May I die by the garrote if I know, or if I ever saw him until you did, my dear Captain—in the shop there, Captain."

"He came in to buy the cane."

"The curious cane of your old slave, the Voodoo doctor, Syphaxo. You saw and heard all that passed between me and the Senor, Captain."

"All, except what you and he may have said and done while I was out for a moment," said Perez, studying keenly the face of the pawnbroker.

"Oh, I remember—you did go out. Why, Captain, if I may ask?"

"You may not ask."

"Ah—certainly. It is, in fact, none of my business, my dear Captain. Of course not."

"But, diablos! it is my business to have you tell me all you know about that same Senor."

"I know no more of him, my dear Captain, than you do. I took him to be a curiosity hunter. You saw all; you heard all."

"All, except what took place while I was out."

"Oh, you were gone but a moment, Captain. While you were out he asked where he could obtain a full and a minute account of your trial."

"Ha! of my trial! Caramba! And why does he desire that?"

"I do not know. He said he wished to learn a few incidents of the life of the man who had owned the negro Voodoo doctor, Syphaxo, and to attach them as a kind of record to that cane."

"Puf! he lied! What more?"

"He put that paper—you remember—the prayer in four languages, signed Mercita?—he put that very carefully in his pocket-book."

"I remember too," said Perez, "that he sprang from his seat, cried out some ejaculation, and was apparently much agitated, the instant he opened the paper."

"That is true—and very strange, Captain."

"The ejaculation was a Russian expletive of great surprise. It was '*Slava Bogu!*'"

"I do not understand Russian, Captain. I could not distinguish more than a kind of guttural roar."

"A Russian exclamation," continued Perez. "One often used, and a pious one, some think. It means in our tongue, 'Glory to God!'"

"Oh, 'Glory to God!'" repeated the pawnbroker. "It was a kind of a roar to my ears. But I took him to be a German or an Englishman, after he had conversed with me—not from his accent of Spanish; that was perfect—but from a gesture, a certain quickness and energy of gesture. But really, I should not have thought of that if you had not mentioned the other."

"Come, admit that you had no doubt that he was a Spaniard all the time."

"Well, I do. And I do think so yet, Captain."

"I do not. I think he is a Russian. If I had not heard him use that expression I should think as you do. I learned to understand and speak Russian in those infernal mines. Two of our taskmasters were Russians who had worked in the silver mines of Russia. I learned Russian from them. Ah, but for Isadora Raymundo, I might have learned that tongue from the divine lips of the lovely Angelique! But listen. Why did the Senor suppose this note, No. 13,721, a note that I received from a certain person who must have known Isadora Raymundo—I will tell you so much—why did he suppose that this note was in that paper?"

"May I die to-day a dog's death if I can imagine, my dear Captain."

"A note that had been in my belt—this

same belt—twelve years, Gomaza! Diablos! Twelve years!"

The bewildered pawnbroker could only stare his wonder, and shake his head.

"I will tell you why, Gomaza: Because he must have seen or heard of this note twelve years ago. He must have known that this note when last seen was in my possession; that it was never exchanged by me; that it was probably upon my person when I was arrested at Cardenas, twelve years ago; that it could not be found in the search that was made for it on my person, while I was in the cell here in Havana. The money-lender, Samuels, led a stranger then to my cell, and vowed that he had seen this note in my hands a few days before; and the stranger, who had a warrant from the Captain-General, searched me to the very skin. Diablos! he had me stripped, just as I had had old Juan stripped, as I told you. The note was safe in my belt—this belt—all the time. I wonder they did not find that paper—they searched my vest keenly enough to find a flea's egg, if one had been there. Ho!" exclaimed Perez, with a laugh, "I remember now that old Samuels, who first examined the vest, did find a piece of paper in the vest—that prayer, of course—for after he had glanced at it he spit upon the floor, said something in Hebrew—I suppose it was Hebrew—threw the paper aside, and made a face. The other, the man who was a stranger to me, did not notice the fact, as he was very busy reading some old accounts of mine, which he had found in the lining of my boots—some old smuggling accounts. I remember that the turnkey Riaz, who was in some degree my friend, put everything back into my garments. I suppose he picked up that paper with the rest. I did not know then, but I do now, that the companion of the money-broker was a Russian."

"Oh, he too was a Russian, Captain?"

"Yes, the stranger—the man conducted to my cell by Samuels."

"Yes—and Samuels too. That is, he was a Russian Jew—a Jew, but a native of Russia, Captain. I must say that all this smells of Russia. You say the companion of Samuels was a Russian; Samuels was a Russian; you say our Senor of to-day is a Russian; Smolenski was a Russian. As for Angelique, I cannot say; but if she was Smolenski's niece, she was of Russian blood."

"Diablos! it was in Russian that I heard her conversing with Smolenski. I know that now. I believed so then. Yes, caramba! it all smells of Russia!"

"And I know something of Lopez Soares which you may not know, Captain."

"What is that?"

"His father was a Spaniard, but his mother was a Russian woman."

"That is news to me!" exclaimed Perez.

"And perhaps Isadora Raymundo is also a Russian, Captain," suggested the pawnbroker.

"Puf! impossible."

"But what is your supposition, Captain?"

"My supposition was, and is yet, that Isadora Raymundo is a Spaniard, living either in Spain or on this island. If I knew who owned the woman that wrote that 'Lord's Prayer'— But what am I saying? It is none of your business. I may need you in the affair, however—"

"Oh, of course it is none of my business, my dear Captain," the pawnbroker hastened to say. "And if you have no objection, I hope you will permit me to remain neutral in this warfare that you are about to begin upon somebody called Isadora Raymundo. It smells very like Russia to me. I hate Russia—and I hate the Russians. They knouted a brother of mine to death there in St. Petersburgh, many years ago. The Czarina has very long arms. Those great Russians are very vindictive. They are very rich. They never hesitate to spend much time and money to obtain revenge, or to get an enemy into their power. Their spies are everywhere, in every important place in the world. They pursue and secretly seize their fugitives in any and every quarter of the globe. Then they knout them to death, or nearly to death, and send them to Siberia—"

"Diablos! And what is all this to me?"

"You say, Captain—and surely you know of what you speak—that Isadora Raymundo made use of you to carry out some scheme of Isadoro Raymundo's, and having made use of you, meant to crush you out of existence, and did, in fact, crush your existence for twelve years."

"Yes, and I should be as a dead man still, had I not escaped from the dead life to which the forgery of that Isadora Raymundo consigned me. What then?"

"Why, the affair smells strongly of Russia, my dear Captain. I mean, that you chanced to be needed by some one in one of those great political rivalries and court mysteries for which Russia is famous. Two angry bulls, when they fight, care not what they trample on, as they strive to gore each other. Toads, frogs, spiders and the like are crushed by the great hoofs of the bulls. If a fence is between them, they butt it down, to get at each other. They would fight as fiercely in a china-shop, or in a royal bed-chamber, as in their pasture. They care not what they smash. So with those rival Russian families when they have a feud, or any end to gain. They are the bulls. You and I are the toads. You were trodden on—you were in the way. You were mashed. Take care that you be not mashed again."

"If I were to imagine that this Isadora Raymundo was even the Czarina of all the Russias," said Perez, with a furious oath, and smiting the table with both hands, "I should seek to make sure of it, and then stab her. Be Isadora Raymundo king or kaiser, man or woman—anything but the devil himself—I swear to avenge myself on Isadora Raymundo! With my own hands—do you understand?—with these!" and Perez extended his arms toward the pawnbroker, and opened and shut his bony hands, making their powerful joints crack loudly as he clenched his toil-hardened fingers.

The pawnbroker recoiled, terrified by that intensity of desire for vengeance, and that fire of insatiate hate which sparkled in the eyes of the half-mad convict.

"You remember," continued Perez, in a tone indescribably bitter, as he sprawled his hands upon the table, the palm of one up, and that of the other down, "how these hands looked twelve years ago?"

"They were then indeed handsome," said Gomaza. "The Captain was very proud of his hands. I remember that—and with cause, too. Hands as shapely, as soft, as white as those of a prima donna, and as strong as the paws of a lion. Yes."

"They were. Diablos! they were! And the same strength is in them yet, Gomaza," said Perez, placing a coin between his thumb and two fingers, and bending the solid metal double with ease. "That work in the mines has increased their strength, though it has destroyed their beauty. I owe it all—all this ruin of face and hand and limb—to Isadora Raymundo!"

"It is very evident," thought the pawnbroker, "that the captain regrets the loss of his comeliness as much as he does the loss of those twelve years."

Sancho Perez had been a man exceedingly vain of his comeliness. It was the loss of this, and the consciousness that he had become more hideous than ugly, that caused, as much as any other disaster that had befallen him, his intense desire for vengeance on the unknown.

"But enough of this," he said, after a pause, during which he had gazed grimly at his companion. "I need new garments. You are to furnish them. While I remain in Havana I shall stay here."

"Here, Captain?"

"In this room. You will act as my agent for a day or two. I have sent some one to look after the Senor who is so much interested in this note, No. 13,721; in a paper written twelve years ago; in the fortunes of Sancho Perez—diablos! that Senor who takes sudden fancies to purchase the canes of old negro Voodoo doctors. There! What means that loud hammering at your street door?" And as he spoke, the convict arose and opened the door which communicated with the shop.

"Puf!" said the pawnbroker. "Some one is there who does not believe that I am not here. No—that is a signal," he added immediately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FOR GOLD.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Mitchell, as he carefully measured the anchovy for his boiled salmon.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than the whole Cross-me-loof estate, besides £10,000 good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Too little," replied Ronald, shaking his head in a meditative manner. "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye; she is not bad looking, and she is a carefu' housewife and a good Christian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better than she's bonnie; but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That will be Bailie Johnson's daughter?"

"You do me too much honor; I do not aspire to a woman six feet high, especially when her temper is of equal proportions."

"Well, Isabelle *has* a bad temper, but Janet is different; she has no vice, and—"

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has interest enough to send you to Parliament."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite." And Ronald drew the moor-cock toward him and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. Mitchell may be excused for altogether doubting the fact. Then there was a few minutes' silence, which did not deceive Ronald; he knew it was the lull before the breaking of the storm. His mother's attitude of indifference and listlessness was all assumed; he was perfectly familiar with it, and knew—for none had better reason to know—what a proud, resolute spirit it hid.

She was only hesitating now to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because Ronald maintained a neutrality of perfect silence, and she knew that if she began the dispute, she gave him, at the opening of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defendant.

While she was hesitating, a servant brought in a card and gave it to her.

"It is Wylie Ronald," she said; "you had better go and see him."

"Why so, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, I have an engagement at half-past seven."

"But something must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My income will soon be at starvation point."

Ronald looked up, and smiled incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to do that, for I am not one of the foolish women who spend as they go. I have laid a little by to help the future; but what is to become of you?"

"Heigh-ho! I have a good angel, I suppose."

"A good wife would be more to the purpose, and if you would only marry Janet McDonald, she would bring you a fine estate; besides, she is a prudent lassie, and would help you to keep the gear well together."

"How do I know that Janet would have me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away, mother. If there is anything else I can pleasure you in, I shall be willing and obedient, but I dare not cast my life away—not for gold at least."

"Yet you are going to do it for a pretty face."

"You are mistaken. I have my price, I suppose; but neither land nor beauty are able to buy me."

"The conceit of men is wonderful; it passes the comprehension of women. Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Sorley's."

"To see Miss Eve. Very well, Ronald. Remember, if you decline to accept Janet McDonald as your wife, I also decline to receive Eve Sorley as my daughter. I suppose the right of rejection is left to me as well as you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet my wife; but I, by marrying Eve, can make her your daughter."

"I deny it, sir, for in such a case you would no longer be my son. Good-evening, sir."

"Mrs. Mitchell Victrix as usual," said Ronald, laughing softly to himself, and slowly refilling his glass. "Here is a new turn in affairs. I must go and see what Eve says about it."

On his way there he tried not to think of the subject; it perplexed and annoyed him; but Eve had a way of letting sunlight into everything, and whatever she said, of course he should do. Eve, watching and listening in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard the echoes of his long, swinging steps, and divined in them something new, even before she saw the strange light in his usual merry eyes.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do not believe I shall call you 'Sans souci' to-night; you look troubled."

"You may call me the 'Disinherited Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said Mrs. Sorley.

"My sin is one of omission, Madam. You see, Mrs. Sorley, I am only a part of the estate to my mother. She wants to invest me profitably, just as she does the interest on her loans and savings. At present she allows me five hundred pounds a year; but if I refuse to carry out her plans, she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Eve met the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five hundred pounds a year. I will marry you when you can earn three hundred pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and bravest little lady in Christendom;" and he fairly lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen to what I say. You are six feet two inches high, and strong as Hercules. You never have a headache, and are just twenty-two years old. 'Disinherited!' Pshaw! Your inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is given to the children of men: go into it, and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and help of the woman he loves. Ronald went from Eve's presence gifted with a definite purpose and an appointed task. The inward change had its outward evidences. It was perceptible in his firm, rapid tread, which had lost its usual lazy swing, in the manner which he ascended the steps two and three at a time, and in the impetuous way in which he flung hat and gloves on the hall table, and entered his mother's presence. She was half-sitting and half-lying in a large duchess chair, lazily dipping her toast into a glass of mulled wine. But at Ronald's entrance she partly turned her head, and said, in a sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and unnecessary, Ronald; I wish you would be more gentlemanly."

He tried to obey her, as he had always done, but he was too excited to-night. Before he got half across the room he stumbled over a small ottoman, and then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you, sir? What kind of company have you been in, to bring such a riotous influence back with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never have thought so." And the sneering accent was very perceptible.

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Sorley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I am not curious about the family. We will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong that he remained silent—if silence that might be called, in which every attitude was eloquent with resistance.

"The two Wilkies were here to-night. They wish you to join a fishing excursion to the Trosachs. I told them I was sure you would go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I shall be better employed, I hope."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes incredulously, but asked:

"How?"

"I am going to try and find some work to do."

"Work!" almost screamed his mother; "and pray, what can you do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little; but I can learn. I have been taught nothing useful; my education is superficial, and no profession has been given me. I am not even fit for a clerkship. I see nothing before me but manual labor, unless you continue my allowance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end of your story, sir. Now be pleased to begin your argument properly. What led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You declared that if I married Miss Sorley, I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for me to consider on some way of supporting her and myself."

"True; for you can hardly expect me to support a young woman I detest. As for continuing your allowance, I shall do no such thing. I will give you a month to reconsider your conduct, and if at the end of it you still prefer this—this—"

"Miss Sorley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her, and go your own way. That is all I have to say, sir."

But it was easier to determine to work than to find the work to do, and if it had not been for the strengthening influence of Eve, Ronald would perhaps have become discouraged. The month drew to a close, and still no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, Bright Eyes?" said Ronald, one evening. "It seems as if there was no place in the work-a-day world for me."

"O yes; there is, only you have not found it yet. And do you know, Ronald, mamma and I have been talking of your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the young man; his own heart had been giving him the same advice from the very first; and the subject once broached, soon assumed a tangible form. It was thoroughly discussed and arranged for, and Ronald's place taken in a steamer leaving two days before his month of grace expired.

During all his trials and preparations, Ronald's home—never a happy one—had been becoming daily more wretched. His mother wearied him with alternate reproaches and entreaties; and his friends pitied or abused, advised or laughed at him. Still, the last night he was to spend under his mother's roof, he made another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a miserable headache to-night," he said. "Kiss me, mother, for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss implies that you have recovered your senses, and are willing to follow out my plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eve, mother. Forgive me this."

"You are old enough to choose between us. If it is Miss Sorley, her kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"You are sentimental to-night—a thing I have no use in the world for. Obedience is the test of love."

"Well, good-night, mother."

"Good-night, sir."

And thus they parted, never more to meet in this world.

Hard as his parting was with Eve, it did not sadden him like the unnatural "Good-night, sir," of his mother. In the former there was love and hope, and the promise of a happy reunion.

After Ronald's departure, Eve waited hopefully and happily for the good news she was sure would come. Nor did she wait in vain. In two years Ronald had completed his study for the law, and opened a small office in a flourishing town in Western New York. For some time his practice was small, but at the end of the fourth year he was making more than enough to claim the redemption of Eve's promise.

Mrs. Sorley accompanied her daughter to America, and lived many happy years with the young couple. Ronald is always a warm defender of that much abused character, a mother-in-law.

As years wore on, the little vine-covered cottage was added to and enlarged, until it became the pride of the town; and Judge Mitchell's handsome house and gardens, his thorough-bred horses and numerous servants, are certainly evidences of an income vastly above the £500 a year he refused to accept as equivalent for manhood's noblest rights and privileges.

Ronald is a portly middle-aged man now, and Eve, though still beautiful, has lost the early bloom of youth; but up and down the long piazzas, and through the shady arcades of elm and chestnut, many beautiful boys and girls play, walk, or read, uncontrolled by any element but a wise and patient love. For Ronald has still a sad remembrance of a home cheerless and loveless amid all its splendor, of a childhood unblessed by fairy lore or mother's kisses, and of a youth in which everything was to have been sacrificed for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her heart ever softens toward her son, she never suffers it to make any sign. She is apparently as indifferent to his later honors, as she was to his early struggles and trials. It is likely even that she may outlive her busy, hard-working son, whose brain and heart carry the cares and sorrows of many besides his own, for

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."

Yet never has Ronald Mitchell regretted the day in which he chose love before land, and a true wife in preference to £10,000. Ask him to-day if he would part with even one memory of the real life which commenced for him with that decision, and he would answer proudly and confidently, "Not for gold."

A CURIOUS VERDICT.

In overhauling some old scraps I came across the following verdict which was rendered by a Coroner's jury in Ireland in 1847, and I thought, as I read it, that there was a deal of political sense in the ideas of that jury. If the *animus* of their conclusion could find greater place in the hearts and wills of the people of this democratic government of ours, thus holding placemen and rulers to a stricter accountability for their acts and measures, society might be better off, and humanity the gainer.

The occasion was an inquest, held at the Galway Work-house, upon the body of a mendicant, and the jury returned their opinion thus:

"We think the deceased came to his death by exhaustion and misery caused by want of the necessaries of life; and as Lord John Russell, head of Her Majesty's Government, and Sir Randolph Routh, by not taking proper and possible measures to prevent famine, and to save Ireland from the deplorable situation in which she now finds herself, have contributed to the distress of the Irish nation, and to these results of death, we find that *the said Lord John Russell and the said Sir Randolph Routh are guilty of wilful murder upon the person of the deceased!*"

The Coroner refused the verdict, but the jury refused to change it except upon restraint.

C.

YOUR CHILDREN AND MINE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I look upon your sons, sir,
And your daughters, fair and gay,
And I ask myself this question:
"Would I change with him to-day?
I, who laid my household darlings
'Neath the emerald sod to rest?"
And my heart instinctive answers,
That "whatever is, is best."

I shall never feel the pride, sir,
It is true, that stirs *your* soul,
When you see your sons promoted,
And their names on honor's roll!
When you see your daughters courted,
For their elegance and grace,
Making home a "bower of beauty,"
And a real resting place!

But I have the sweet assurance, sir—
A sealed book to you—
That my dear ones 'scaped all trial,
With their years so bright and few;
That my boys *have* been promoted,
And my girls learned grace and love
Through the teaching of the angels,
In the "better land" above.

And I have the sweet assurance
That temptation ne'er can come
To the tender untried spirits
Of my children, in their home.
No, I would not call them back, sir,
Even could they come to me;
Yet I hope, by grace, to dwell with them
Throughout bright Eternity.

HUNTED DOWN.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Not many years ago one of the most beautiful valleys of the far West was cursed as the resort of a murderous band of robbers, who had for a chief a villain whose vile and cruel deeds spread terror wherever his name was known.

Almost a giant in stature, a man of remarkable strength, cunning and brute courage, The Border Scourge, as he was called, had gained a notoriety second to none upon the frontier for devilish wickedness.

His band, composed of a set of congenial devils, hesitated at no wickedness their chief led them to, and many a poor settler and well-freighted emigrant train paid the toll demanded by this frontier scourge, or paid the penalty of a refusal with their lives.

Murder had driven the Border Scourge from the marts of civilization, and the same crime kept him predominant in the western wilds, and his motto, "Dead men tell no tales," was acted upon to the very letter.

A large reward had been offered for his head, and many adventurous spirits, impelled by the love of gain, had lost their lives in seeking to rid the country of the reckless ruffian, for the Border Scourge had his spies everywhere throughout that portion of the country, and the man who set forth to track him to death was certain to find his own grave at the other end of the journey.

In a settlement not many miles distant from the retreat of this robber band, dwelt a farmer who, years before, had gone to California as a miner, and having gained sufficient means to buy him a home and make himself comfortable, he had settled there in the West; and after a few years, found himself in easy circumstances.

Sixteen years before, Tom Abbott had left his Eastern home, driven from it by misfortunes that had come upon him in the failure of his business, and the death of his wife, leaving him with a daughter, of two years of age, to care for.

Then he decided to seek his fortune in California, and placing his daughter Edith in the care of his wife's mother, he sailed for the Golden State.

Having rendered himself comfortable in his Western home, he at length determined to have his daughter come and live with him, and with joy he looked forward to the day of her arrival, for in all those sixteen years he had not seen her.

He had her picture, and gloated over the beautiful face, and there was not a settler in miles who had not seen it and praised its loveliness, so that when it was rumored that Tom Abbott's beauty was coming, the whole valley had turned out to welcome her, for a woman was a rarity there in those days, and a pretty woman an exception.

Edith Abbott had received a good education, and had been reared in a pleasant home of refinement; but without a word she relinquished all, to live in the far West with her only parent.

Perhaps there was another reason for this sacrifice upon her part: Edith had a lover, a certain handsome, dashing cavalry officer, Captain Oscar Mowbray, who had been ordered with his command out on the frontier, to be stationed at a post within a day's ride of the settlement in which Tom Abbott dwelt.

Thus the young girl had taken advantage of a military escort to reach her home, and one pleasant afternoon a courier reported the coming of the soldiers, escorting the fair beauty.

A crowd of settlers, among whom were a few women, had gathered in the front of Tom Abbott's comfortable and commodious cabin, and conspicuous above all, was the tall, burly figure of the Border Scourge.

Why he was there none knew, and the right he had to thus presume none could gainsay; for the settlers cared not to bring upon themselves his vengeance; and well did they know that he was not there single-handed.

When the maiden with her escort at length arrived, and the fond father was about to rush forward and greet his daughter, the Border Scourge suddenly stepped forward, and raising Edith from her saddle, drew her arm in his, and led her to where her horror-stricken parent stood.

"This is your father, Miss Abbott. Permit me to welcome you to your new home." And without a word, he turned upon his heel and walked away.

"Have you no word of welcome for me, dear father?" and the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"My daughter!" And regaining his self-command, Tom Abbott clasped the maiden to his heart.

Edith nor Oscar Mowbray had ever seen the bandit leader, and therefore they had looked upon his act as a mere token of welcome, believing him to be one of the settlers; but when the young Captain learned the truth, with a bound he was in the saddle, and calling upon his men to follow him, darted away in pursuit, regardless of the cries of the settlers.

The Border Scourge had gone but a few hundred yards, and seeing that the young officer was after him, turned, raised his revolver and fired.

The ball took effect in the head of the horse ridden by Oscar Mowbray, and falling, the animal hurled his rider to the ground.

Soon he was upon his feet, but the robber had been supported by a body of his men, was mounted and dashing away, and then the young cavalryman saw it was useless to follow him, but determined upon revenge at some future day.

Tom Abbott welcomed the brave young soldier to his cabin; his men were made comfortable, and soon all was happiness in that western home.

Edith told her father of her engagement to Oscar Mowbray, and received his sanction, and thus it was arranged that in three months more the Captain should return and claim her for his bride.

A month after the scene related above, Captain Oscar Mowbray was seated, late one night, at the mess table with his brother officers, when an orderly entered, and touching his hat, said:

"An Indian scout would see you, sir."

"Send him in, Orderly." And the next moment a "son of the forest" entered, and Oscar, rising to meet him, received a small bit of paper, upon which was written:

"If you love me, Oscar, come to my aid. I am in danger. EDITH."

Turning as pale as death, the young officer staggered as if about to fall; but recovering himself, asked:

"Who gave you this?"

"Tom Abbott's Beauty," answered the Indian in good English, speaking of Edith by the name she was known in the settlement.

"When did she give it to you?"

"When the Great Spirit hid the sun."

"At dark, then. Colonel Wynkoop, read this;" and Oscar handed the paper to his commander, who in an instant returned:

"Take your company, and go at once. Lose no time. The Indian will serve as guide."

The sun had not long been above the horizon, when Captain Oscar Mowbray, at the head of his gallant company, and with their horses reeking with foam, drew up at the spot where *had* stood the cabin of Tom Abbott.

Smoke was rising from the ruins, and no sign of the settler or his daughter was visible; only the blackened ruins, still smoking, of the cabin, to mark where once had stood the happy home.

Soon a settler drew near, and Oscar Mowbray, in hoarse tones, asked:

"Who has done this?"

"The Border Scourge. He never forgave your attack upon him, Captain," answered the man.

"Where is Tom Abbott and Edith?"

"Poor Tom lies dead yonder, in my cabin. The Scourge killed him."

"And—Edith?"

"Carried off. But I feared this when the Beauty came out here."

"Oh! this is hard to bear. But I swear to hunt the Border Scourge down; and by my own right hand he shall die!" And Oscar Mowbray's eyes blazed as he spoke.

"Many brave men have hunted him down, Captain, but found him too big game for them," answered the settler kindly.

"I will not fail, but hunt him down to the bitter end." And then turning to his lieutenant, Oscar continued:

"Thornton, return with the company to camp, and tell Colonel Wynkoop that I have taken the liberty of absenting myself for a few days."

Lieutenant Thornton knew his superior, and well understood that to urge to the contrary would be useless; so bidding him adieu, and wishing him success, he started upon his return to camp, followed by his men, who deeply sympathized with the sorrows of their noble young officer.

Oscar watched them out of sight, and then turning to the Indian who had brought him the message from Edith, and guided him back, he said:

"You are a faithful friend. Go and find out where the Border Scourge has taken Edith."

"I look for Beauty. Come tell you at cabin yonder. Tom Abbott saved my life; I save his papoose." And without another word the Indian disappeared in the forest, while Oscar acompanied the settler to his house, where poor Abbott lay dead.

At midnight the Indian returned, and to Oscar's eager questions, said:

"Border Scourge take Beauty to cabin in mountains. She give me this for white chief."

Oscar seized the bit of paper, and read:

"OSCAR—I have *noticed the chief* often, while on my *march hither*, gazing upon me from the forest; so write, and drop this when he next sees me, hoping he will find and bear it to you, for I know you have come to save me.

"The Border Scourge has sent me off to a retreat in the mountains, and gives me one month to consider whether I am to become his wife, or be punished with death. Save, O save me! I am watched— EDITH."

"This is well, Chief. Now come into my room with me."

An hour afterward, two Indian chiefs, in all the glory of their war paint, and heavily armed, left the cabin of the settler, and soon disappeared in the gloom of the forest.

In the month that followed after the capture of Edith, the Border Scourge discovered that he had a dangerous foe upon his path.

Often had the clear ring of a rifle startled him, when riding at the head of his band, and narrowly had the bullet missed its mark.

Then again, when seated around the camp fire by night, time and again, the same sharp report, followed by the whistling ball, showed him that he was never safe.

One by one his band was cut off, either from around the camp fire or upon the tramp, and terror began to seize them, for no clue could they gain to their unseen and terrible foe.

Three weeks had passed, and in that time seventeen of the band had bitten the dust before the unerring aim of their secret foe; but yet some guardian devil seemed to protect the Border Scourge, for although twice he had felt the sting of the bullet, it had never even wounded him.

Finding that they were thus hunted down, and being unable to discover whom it was that tracked them, the men gradually deserted the camp and left the country, until, at the expiration of a month, the Border Scourge found that he must flee for his life.

But he determined upon revenge, and sought his mountain retreat, intending to wreak vengeance upon his captive, and then, with the spoils he had gained in his years of plundering, to fly from the country.

Without a word to his few remaining men he left the camp, and mounted upon his powerful horse, sought the mountain retreat where his prize and his spoils were hidden away.

In that lonely cabin sat Edith Abbott, pale and worn from her weeks of suffering, and it was with a look of horror she saw the Border Scourge enter.

"Well, Beauty, my dear, I have come to make my promise good. You are to become my bride, or—the bride of Death."

"Better the latter, a thousand times."

"One or the other. I may be a horrible bridegroom, but Death is a worse one."

"Have you no mercy?" entreated the maiden.

"Mercy! what is mercy? I never show mercy."

"Neither do I!" and a tall form, clad as an Indian chief, sprang into the cabin, and passed quickly between the robber chief and his belt of arms, which he had laid upon the table when entering.

"Who are you?" shouted the ruffian, starting back.

"I am the man that has hunted you down. I am the one that has tracked your band night and day, and one by one cut them off, until the country is nearly freed from the terrible curse.

"You, the Border Scourge, I have come for now; and such mercy as you have meted out to others, I now mete out to you—Die!" And ere the Border Scourge could spring toward his antagonist, the Indian chief raised his weapon and sent two bullets crashing through the outlaw's brain, who fell dead upon his face.

"Edith, I have saved you, and hunted him down."

And all disguised as he was in his paint and Indian costume, the maiden sprang into the arms of Oscar Mowbray, who continued:

"Here is one who has aided me. Come, Chief!"

And the door opened, and in walked the brave Indian warrior, and warmly did Edith thank him.

Captain Mowbray carried Edith back to the fort with him, and there they were married by the Chaplain of the regiment, Colonel Wynkoop giving the bride away.

A year after, Oscar resigned his commission in the army, rebuilt the old home of Tom Abbott, and there the young couple now live in happiness, while around their fireside circle the brave Indian chief ever finds a warm welcome.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—We seek after three things—honor, riches and repose. He who lives retired from the world, gains honor; he who is contented with what he has, is rich; he who despises the world and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose.

ONLY A BREEZE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I stood beside you upon the shore,
Up rose the wind with a sudden whirl,
Tossed in my face, and over my breast,
Violet scarf and golden curl.

You caught them back in a lily-white hand,
You looked in my face with your eyes of blue;
It is very easy to understand
Just how you looked, if one knows you.

The days of chivalry died lang syne,
We're not romantic in seventy-two;
But there you stood in the sweet moonshine,
And there I stood, looking at you.

"Excuse the breeze," you said, with a laugh;
Said I, "If a breeze would but sweep the shore,
Not only to toss into my arms,
But to leave you there evermore,

Ah! that indeed were a breeze to bless."
Shyly your glances met mine own,
And "It might be nice," you softly said,
And I knew that the breeze had blown.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DR. MACON CONFOUNDED.

When Mrs. Blake revived to perfect consciousness, she found herself in her own cottage, with Mrs. Müller beside her bed.

Macon had taken advantage of her condition to remove both herself and Estelle Landry to Elm Grove, for he did not like to leave them at the farm-house with Eunice as their only guardian, and his own professional duties called him elsewhere. A spring wagon had been procured, in which beds were placed, and the two were brought safely to the cottage.

Estelle was placed in the room which opened from Mrs. Blake's, with Eunice Barker in attendance upon her, and she seemed to have suffered little from the change. She lay white and passive upon the bed, apparently indifferent to, or unconscious of what was passing around her.

The housekeeper assisted in carrying the poor girl from the wagon, and Macon observed the critical examination she bestowed on Estelle after she was placed upon the bed. He curtly asked:

"What are you looking for, Mrs. Muller? Miss Blake is very ill, but there is no marvelous change in her that sickness cannot account for."

"I dare say not, sir; but a 'cat can look at a king,' you know, and I have always been fond of Miss Hester's pretty face. It's mightily changed now, poor thing! and I can't think what possessed her ma to let her bring herself to such a pass as this, waiting on a pack of strange people."

"They were not strangers. Mr. Landry was a half-brother of Mrs. Blake's husband, and she was bound to do all that was possible for them. Hester has suffered something in their service, but she will be handsomely repaid for it. She will get a nice sum from the estate of her uncle."

"Well, 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' said the woman sententiously. "I am glad to know that Miss Hester will be rich. It will be a nice thing for her and—*for others*."

Macon regarded her mistrustfully, and wondered if the dragon's teeth so recently sown were already springing up. Had this woman's sharp eyes detected the counterfeit sought to be imposed on her as Hester Blake? and if so, what use would she make of her knowledge? He suavely said:

"Miss Blake will not be rich, but she will have quite enough to live on comfortably, and to take care of her mother. Poor girl! I am really afraid though that she will never live to enjoy her good fortune."

"I am a good nurse, Doctor, and I'll engage to bring her through. We couldn't afford to let this young lady die, no how. An't it so?"

"She certainly talks very strangely," thought Macon, "and I wonder what it means. If she suspects anything, I must leave Mrs. Blake to deal with her."

Mrs. Muller was looking curiously at him as these thoughts passed through his mind, and she was sharp enough to comprehend something of them. She waited for him to speak, and with some embarrassment he at length said:

"I am truly glad to hear that you are a skilful nurse, for it would indeed be a sad blow to me to lose this dear girl. You know why I am so deeply interested in her recovery, Mrs. Muller."

"Oh, yes—I know more than you think. I've seen how it was with you and Miss Hester for a long time. I'll do the best I can to keep her here, Doctor; it would be a dreadful thing for her to die as young as she is. But what's happened to the old lady to put her in such a fix? Did *she* get a sunstroke too?"

"No, nothing of the kind; she was nervous, and overdone with agitation and excitement, and I thought it best to administer an anodyne. Mrs. Blake will be all right when she is thoroughly awake again."

"What is that dumb girl to do here? I don't like her ways, and I don't see any use in keeping her about. I can do all that is wanted, even if Miss Hester is ill. She made signs to me that she was to stay, but I hardly believed her."

Eunice is faithful, and your avocations as housekeeper will not permit you to give to the case such constant care as is necessary. The girl will be a great help to you, Mrs. Muller, and I am surprised that you object to her presence here at this time."

"Oh, I don't object, Doctor; it an't my place to do that, only I thought—"

She paused, and Macon impatiently asked:

"What did you think?"

"That the fewer people that know what's been done the better," said the woman boldly. "*That girl there isn't Hester Blake!*"

Had a thunderbolt exploded at Macon's feet he could scarcely have been more alarmed, and he lost his presence of mind utterly, thus giving Mrs. Müller an advantage she was shrewd enough to profit by. She quietly went on:

"I an't a person as is easily deceived, but I'm one as is open to reason. I know on which side my bread is buttered, and I'm not going to ruin the lady that gives me and Hans good wages, especially as she'll now be able to give something handsome to have things kept quiet. You see I speak fair and overboard, Dr. Macon, and I don't think it'll be safe for you and Mrs. Blake to keep that dumb creetur around."

Macon looked into the hard, keen face of the speaker, and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Müller was not a person to be trifled with; but he could not give up at once. He said:

"I think if you will look at this young lady again, you will change your opinion as to her identity. Mrs. Müller, Eunice has been with Mrs. Blake ever since she went away, and *she* has no doubts. I can't think how such an absurd suspicion ever came to enter your mind."

"I don't find it noways absurd, Doctor Macon; and the more I look at that young lady, the more certain I am of what I've said. Them people that Mrs. Blake went to nurse was very rich, and Miss Hester being the very moral of that cousin of her'n, you've thought among you that she might get a fortune by a bold stroke, and *you* are to go shares with her when you marry her. An't it so, now?"

"Upon my word, Mrs. Müller, this—this is incomprehensible conduct on your part. If you were to make such assertions elsewhere, who do you think you could find to believe them?"

"As to that, there'd be plenty that would listen to 'em, and it wouldn't be long before I could put myself in the way to prove 'em. You had better not try me, sir, that's all."

At that moment Macon felt as if he would give a great deal to be clear of complicity in the plot which was so accurately seen through by this woman. If *she* detected the counterfeit so quickly, what might not others do? And he shuddered, and grew cold at the thought of possible consequences to himself.

He had no suspicion that Mrs. Müller had listened near the open window on the night on which the plan was settled, and he gave her credit for more keenness of observation than she really possessed. After a few moments of perturbed thought, he said:

"Mrs. Blake has been kind and liberal toward you and your husband, and you had better wait till she is in a condition to—to talk with you, and prove to you that your suspicions have really no foundation. She will do what is right by you, I am quite sure."

"I suppose she will; she'll *have* to do it, sir. I an't a going to keep dark unless I'm well paid. I'll talk to her now, but when you've married the rich one, you'll have to be flush o' your money with me, or you won't have the enjoyment of it long. I an't one as will make things disagreeable as long as it's to my interest to keep quiet; but if other folks plots to get money they ha'n't any right to, they must expect to go shares with them that's sharp enough to find 'em out."

"Upon my word, you are plain spoken enough, Mrs. Müller. You will never lose anything from lack of courage to defend your own interests."

"I hope not, sir; I'd despise myself as a poor-spirited creetur, if I couldn't take care of my own affairs. Hans is a good soul, but he an't good for much but hard work; he's my husband, you know, Doctor, and I ha'n't told him yet what a gold-mine I've found. He is all German, but I've been brought up in this country, and I have some French blood in my veins: that is why I am so sharp."

"Confound your sharpness," thought Macon. "I would give a great deal if you had proved as dull as Hans." But he affably said:

"It will be best to defer this discussion till Mrs. Blake is in a condition to take part in it. You can confide to her your doubts, and hear what she has to say with reference to them. As to myself—well, I hardly know what assurance will satisfy you, but I will do what is right. You can't expect more than that."

"We may differ as to what is right, sir; but of course you'll have to give in to *me*. I'll consider about what your secret's worth, and let you and Mrs. Blake know what it'll cost to keep my tongue quiet. I'll act on the square with you both; that is, if you'll give me my price; and I'll help you to keep other people from knowing what's been done. I think that's as fair an offer as you could have now."

"I dare say it is fair enough, but I had rather not talk further on this subject till I have spoken with Mrs. Blake. I haven't admitted, you know, that this girl isn't Hester Blake."

"Not in words, perhaps; but they weren't necessary to one who knows how to read faces. You needn't try any shams with me, Dr. Macon, for I can see through 'em all as plainly as I can see that this young lady is not suffering from sun-stroke, but from the blow she got on her head the day the cars was smashed. I used to be a sick nurse before I married Hans, and I can tell what is the matter with people almost as well as you doctors can."

"Well, Mrs. Muller, I admit that you are too much for me. I promise you that you shall be satisfied in every respect, except the dismissal of Eunice Barker. I insist that she shall remain as the invalid's personal attendant, and you will find her of great service to you."

"That's as may be, sir; but I won't be unreasonable about her, as you are easy to deal with in other respects. I understand her motions well enough, and I suppose I can make her of some use. How long do you think it will be before Mrs. Blake comes out o' that dazed sleep o' hers?"

"It will not be very long now. Get her a cup of strong coffee, and have something to eat ready for her when she wakes. You must make her take it before she remembers what has—that is— You understand, Mrs. Muller?"

"Yes; she was drugged, that the daughter might get away without a scene that would have betrayed all to Eunice; and now she must take necessary refreshment before she is told that Miss Hester is gone. I'm sure she'll take on awfully, when she finds it out, though it was her own plotting that brought it all to pass."

"How do you know that?" asked Macon sharply. "Your infernal shrewdness enables you to comprehend everything. I wish to Heaven I had had nothing to do with the affair, since it places me in the power of such a woman as you seem to be."

"I'm a good enough woman in my way, and a reliable one you'll find me to be, as long as I'm well paid. You'll have plenty, and get it easy; so what's the use of flying in the face of your own good luck? Miss Hester is a mighty handsome young lady too, and I shouldn't wonder if she had as good a right to Mr. Landry's money as *this* one has. Law an't always justice, you know."

Macon did not know what reply to make to this, and he turned away, wishing more fervently than ever that he had not given his consent to become a participator in Mrs. Blake's plans. What they might lead to in the future he could not foresee, and the clear insight of this woman confounded him, and made him afraid.

As he was leaving the room he said, in a constrained tone:

"I must go back to town now to look after other sick people; but I shall be here this evening again. Mrs. Blake may then be awake, and calm enough to—to make some definite arrangement with you."

"Very well, sir. I shall attend to all your directions, and it'll not be my fault if she isn't able to see what is best for her own interests. I'd like to know one thing, though, Dr. Macon. What is to be done with this young creature when she comes back to herself, and won't agree to be Hester Blake on no terms?"

Macon's face became almost livid at this inquiry. He came back, and after a glance at the pallid face of Estelle, said:

"The brain has received a shock from which it will never recover. If you knew as much about sickness as you boasted just now, you would see that for yourself. This girl will henceforth be a harmless idiot."

"So much the better for *us*; but I'm skillful enough to know that if she takes none of *your drugs*, I could bring her around before many days. You need not look so black, Doctor, and clinch your hands in that savage way. You know it's the truth I'm telling you, and I'm not one to be half-way trusted."

Macon controlled himself with much effort, and after a pause, said:

"It will be to your interest, as well as that of others, that your patient shall not be difficult to manage. The sedative I have prepared will produce a quieting effect, and I would recommend you not to omit administering it regularly. I think that is all that is necessary to be said just now, Mrs. Muller."

"Very well, sir; now we understand each other. I shall be very particular about the medicine."

Macon left the room swearing internally, but on the whole he was satisfied that this woman, alarming as she was, would be faithful to her pledges, provided she was dealt with liberally. After all, it might be best to have her for an ally, or she might, with her shrewdness, have proved a dangerous spy.

When she was left alone with Estelle, Mrs. Muller made a critical examination of her features, and she muttered:

"I don't think anybody else will suspect what I shouldn't have found out myself if I hadn't listened at the window that night. I never saw two people so much alike—they might pass for twin sisters. Well, they are sisters; so I suppose it isn't so wonderful, after all, that they should look alike. I mustn't let on, though, that I know that, or they'll think I'm not so keen as I want them to believe. I'll make Eunice get Mrs. Blake's supper ready, while I watch over both of 'em."

This was easily arranged, for Miss Baker preferred active employment to sitting in a sick-room, and she undertook with alacrity the service required of her by the astute looking housekeeepr.

Thus it happened that when Mrs. Blake awoke from that oppressive sleep, she found Mrs. Muller sitting at her bedside, ready to respond to any questions she might ask.

Her mind was confused, and for some time she was unable to collect her scattered thoughts, and remember all that had taken place within the last few days. Her attendant took advantage of this interval to induce her to take food, and to drink the strong coffee which she went for as soon as her charge unclosed her eyes.

Mrs. Blake had eaten nothing since the previous night, and her first sensation was that of hunger. She accepted the food, and ate it eagerly, though she was still in a dull, half-stupefied condition. It did not strike her as strange that she was back in her own house, till the stimulating effects of the coffee began to be felt.

She then raised herself upon her elbow, and asked with sudden wildness:

"How did I come back here? and where is Hester?"

"Dr. Macon had you brought back in a spring wagon; and as to Miss Hester, she is in her own room in bed, and she's not much worse for being brought home."

With a cry that rang through the house, Mrs. Blake sprang from the bed and rushed into the next room. She stood one moment staring down upon the poor girl, who had opened her eyes at the sound of that despairing cry, and was gazing around the strange apartment with a startled expression. Estelle remembered what she had been told in her last interval of consciousness, and with a faint, deprecating smile, asked:

"Mother—are you indeed my mother?"

Mrs. Blake sunk down upon the chair that stood beside the bed, as suddenly as if she had been shot. She covered her face with her hands, and memory surged back, bringing with it the conviction that while she lay buried in that death-like sleep, her daughter had gone away from her, perhaps for ever.

But in the midst of her anguish she felt the necessity of concealment, for the voice of Mrs. Muller was sounding in her ears, explaining to her why Macon had thought it best to bring them both back to the cottage.

When she regained sufficient composure to speak, Mrs. Blake removed her hands from her colorless face, and said:

"It was the best thing Julian could do. I am glad that we are safe at home again; but my poor girl is in a very critical condition, and it was hardly right for him to take from me the power to wait on her, and see that she did not suffer in the removal. Eunice came with her, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am, and the doctor too. He went away about an hour ago, but he said he'd be back some time this evening."

Estelle was steadily regarding Mrs. Blake, and she softly asked:

"If you are my mother, why don't you kiss me?"

Mrs. Blake dropped her head upon the pillow, and a wail that sounded like the cry of a wounded tigress came from her lips. Her whole frame was shaken with such a whirlwind of passion and despair that she lost all control of herself, and became reckless of the presence of the housekeeper.

"Kiss you!" she hoarsely cried—"*kiss you!* when your lips would blister my heart with every touch they gave me! Don't put out your hand to mine—don't; I can't bear it, and I won't. I wish I had been dead before all this happened—I do—I do! Oh! how can I live through this trial? how can I—how can I?"

Estelle shrank away from her with a frightened look, and withdrew the hand she had attempted to lay on that of Mrs. Blake.

"I—I don't understand," she murmured; "I thought, if you were really my mother, you would like to kiss me. If you don't, I won't ask you any more."

"Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Muller; "an't it strange that she don't know you for her mother, ma'am? She talks as if she had lost all recollection of you. That sun-stroke must have done a power o' mischief. I've seen people as were suffering from 'em before to-day, but Miss Hester's must have been one of the very worst kind. The poor lamb won't get over it very soon, I'm afraid."

There was a false ring in the woman's voice which struck sharply on Mrs. Blake's ear, and brought her back to a sense of the necessity of accounting for her late words, if she would not betray all to her housekeeper. With a ghastly attempt to appear composed, she raised herself, and said:

"I have had so much to bear within the few past days, that my nerves are quite shattered, and I seem to have lost all power over myself. The death of—of my brother-in-law was a terrible shock to me; and then this dreadful illness of my poor child coming so close upon it, has upset me completely. She will never be well again, Mrs. Müller: I am certain of it, in spite of all that Dr. Macon may say to comfort me. Under such painful circumstances, you cannot be surprised that I gave way as I did just now."

"I can't say as I was the least surprised, ma'am," replied the woman dryly. "It would be strange if you didn't take on, when you've so much to think of, and to provide against."

Mrs. Blake suddenly arose, and without seeming to have understood the significance of her last words, hurriedly said:

"I cannot stay here a moment longer. The air of this room seems to stifle me. Take care of—of my daughter, and see that she has proper nourishment. I can trust all that to you, Mrs. Müller, for I know that you are an excellent nurse."

Before any reply could be made, Mrs. Blake was out of the room, and a moment later the housekeeper saw her moving swiftly down the yard toward a group of elm-trees, from which the place took its name. She had nothing on her head, and her rapid steps, her wild air, made the woman fear for a few moments that her mind would give way beneath the tension to which it was subjected.

"She'll be better after she's ranted around a while in the open air," muttered the shrewd observer. "She ought to have counted the cost before she undertook such a job as this. It's all foolishness to plan wickedness, and then not have the nerve to carry it through with flying colors. But I must look after my pretty patient. I an't a going to let *her* slip through my fingers before I get my pay, for may be she'll be worth something to me, if I can't make *them* come to such terms as I like."

Estelle was looking around the prettily furnished room with evident interest. She seemed to have forgotten all about Mrs. Blake as soon as she disappeared, and she said:

"This is a nicer place than the other. I can't make out though what I was doing there, or why I was brought here. What does it all mean? and what is your name?"

"Well, pretty one, my name is Gretchen Muller, and I am going to take the best care of you. What would you like to eat now, Miss Hester?"

"My name is Estelle; I can remember that, though my head is so confused I can't think of other things that I know I ought to recollect. May be they will come back to me after a little. I'd like an orange, please, and some ice water; I don't care for anything else."

"That's nice, for we happen to have plenty of ice, and the water here is clear as crystal. As to the orange, I'll see about that. At this season, you know, it an't always easy to get them in these out-of-the-way places. In the mean time I'll get you some tea, and a nice piece of dry toast."

Esther sighed faintly, and submissively said:

"If I can't get the orange, I don't care for anything; but I suppose I must take what you choose to bring me. I want to get well, and go away from here. I—I don't belong here, and—and there's somebody that wants me, if I could only remember who it is. What has happened to me, to put my poor head in such a state that I can't think?"

"You've been smashed up on the railroad, my dear, though these people say that you've had a sun-stroke. It'll be best for you to let 'em say so, and not contradict 'em, or they won't let you go away when you're strong enough. You're to tell everybody that you've had a sun-stroke—remember that."

A sudden flash of recollection came back to the unfortunate girl, and for a brief moment she remembered the awful sense of horror with which she had heard the crash of the falling bridge, and felt the sudden descent of the car into the abyss below. She saw her father's crushed and bleeding form, as she had beheld it the moment after the accident, and she cried out:

"Oh, papa! papa! come back to me. What have they done with you? Where have they taken you?"

"There, there, my lamb; it don't do any good to take on so. Your pa is better off than you are, poor thing! Here, take these drops; the doctor left 'em for you, and they'll quiet you. You mustn't be allowed to excite yourself about anything till you're stronger."

Estelle at first refused the potion Mrs. Muller poured into a cup, and mixed with water, but the quiet authority of the housekeeper prevailed, and she finally drank it. The drops seemed to act with magical celerity, for in a few moments her features relaxed from the stony look of anguish they had assumed in that moment of awakened consciousness, and an expression of quiet repose stole over them. The woman took up the vial, carried it to the window, and held it up to the fading light. The liquid was scentless, and of a pale amber color, but Mrs. Muller was not sufficiently skilled in toxicology to know what species of poison had been used in such infinitesimal quantities as to act upon the brain, while the physical system was not fatally affected by it.

"That man has devilish skill," she thought, "and no more conscience than a stone. The girl sha'n't be killed outright. I won't have anything like that. They may keep her drivelling on, if they choose, but I won't have murder done."

When Estelle's tea was brought, she took it quietly, and soon after fell asleep again, happily unconscious of all the dangers that surrounded her, and of her own helplessness to contend against them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. MULLER'S TERMS.

In the mean time Mrs. Blake had sought the deepest portion of the grove, and, secure from observation, gave herself up to such wild bursts of anguish as would have been terrible to behold. She walked to and fro with rapid steps, wringing her hands and crying out aloud; she tore her combs from her hair, and it fell like a dusky vail around her, reaching far below her waist. Unconscious of her wild appearance, she at length flung herself exhausted on a wooden bench beneath one of the trees, and awaited the sound of Macon's approach. She was deeply enraged against him for depriving her of a last parting interview with her daughter, and she bitterly felt that it was now too late to show him all the anger that raged in her heart against him. They were linked together in the wrong they had thus far consummated, and they must stand by each other, even if the deepest antipathy sprang from their mutual relations.

The sound of hoof strokes rapidly approaching at length smote on her ears, and Mrs. Blake sat up and put back her hair. The pathway from the lower gate lay through the outer edge of the grove, and as she heard Macon dismount and fasten his horse to the fence, she arose from her seat and moved forward to intercept him.

Twilight had fallen, but every object was still distinctly visible, and as Macon came up the path, he immediately detected the figure beneath the trees, and knew who it was that had chosen this spot as their place of meeting.

He quickened his steps a little, though he was half frightened at the dishevelled appearance and death-like face of Mrs. Blake. His voice was a little husky, as he said:

"I am glad to see you here, where no one can overhear what we have to say. I hope that you understand the necessity of what I did, Mrs. Blake, and that you are not very angry with me."

"I don't know how you can look me in the face, Julian Macon, after drugging me till I was unable to speak a parting word to my heart's darling. I *am* angry with you; but what does that signify, now that I have no resource but to act with you, or to be overwhelmed with ruin?"

Macon sulkily replied:

"The position was not of my making—I only accepted it; and now we must make the best of it. Quarrelling and reproaches are not the way to do that. If I had not made you sleep, Eunice Barker would have understood the whole thing; for I am sorry to see, Mrs. Blake, that you have not the strength to carry out plans, though you may be fertile enough in devising them."

She suddenly burst into such a passion of sobs and tears that Macon was almost at his wit's end to know how to manage her. He took her back to the seat beneath the trees, and placing her on it, sat down beside her, and used every argument he could think of to quiet her.

More than once he cursed his own folly in acceding to her proposal, and thought all the advantages to be won by Hester, even if she became his future wife, would be dearly purchased if he had much more of this to undergo.

At length her passion of woe exhausted itself, and she raised herself, and gathering her hair up, wound it around her head, and replaced the combs, which she had found lying on the bench.

Finding her more capable of understanding him, he now earnestly said:

"This is no time for giving way to useless regrets. I feel the loss of Hester as deeply as you can, if you are her mother; but I am certain of a speedy reunion, and that enables me to bear it. We have something far more important to think of, Mrs. Blake, for one person at least has been too sharp for us, and you have a traitor in your own house, who will ruin us if we do not make it to her interest to take sides with us."

In a moment Mrs. Blake was vividly alive to the import of his words. Her weak regrets, her vain reproaches, ceased the instant that a real danger menaced her. She breathlessly said:

"Is it possible that Eunice has quicker perceptions than I gave her credit for? I took her with me because I thought I should be perfectly safe with so dull a creature as she is."

"It is not Eunice, though I think even she has a vague perception that all is not right; but we can easily hoodwink her. It is a far more astute and dangerous person, and one who will not submit to be trifled with."

"There is but one other, and that is Mrs. Müller," said Mrs. Blake, almost in a whisper. "How on earth came *she* to imagine that all is not as it should be? If you have suffered her to get the better of you in any way, she will make us dearly rue it."

"It is Mrs. Müller, and such infernal sagacity as the woman possesses is enough to confound the wisest man. She told me flatly that the young girl at the cottage is not Hester, though how she detected the imposture I am sure I cannot imagine. I could not tell the difference myself if I did not know of the exchange that has been made, and I am your daughter's lover."

Mrs. Blake started up, and began to wring her hands again, moaning inarticulately, but Macon took her by the arm and forced her to resume her seat, as he almost roughly said:

"I think we have had enough of that, Mrs. Blake. Groans and cries can do no good in the present crisis of affairs, and they may do much harm. Mrs. Müller may prove extortionate, but that is all we have to apprehend from her. She distinctly gave me to understand that she has her price, and all we have to do is to pay it. Hester will be quite able to do that, and money will keep her quiet."

"But that woman is so grasping that we shall never be able to content her. She has done nothing but make fresh demands on me ever since I employed her, and I yielded to them because her husband is a good manager, and she is also valuable in the house. She is much superior to her station, though she never presumed on that; but now that she has me in her power, all that will be changed, and I shall find myself with a ruler in my own house. Oh! I wish that I had never been tempted to this wickedness. I can't understand now how I could have plotted to send my darling away from me, and take in her place, even for a day, a being who is loathsome in my sight. Yet I must act toward her as if I love her. I—*I* must take Ellinor Russell's child to my heart, and make others believe that she is dear to me!"

She shuddered, and arose again—unable in her excitement to remain quiescent. Macon also arose, and they moved slowly in the direction of the house. He impressively said:

"You will gain strength to do all that is incumbent on you to insure the safety of your own daughter, Mrs. Blake. Remember that for her everything is at stake, and it is too late now to indulge in regrets. Hester will have cause to reproach you bitterly, if you compromise her safety by any failure on your part. We must see this woman, and make sure of her as an ally—for she would be a most dangerous foe."

Mrs. Blake drearily assented, and nothing further was said on their way to the house.

When Mrs. Blake and her companion drew near the cottage, the figure of Mrs. Muller was visible by the dim light, seated on the steps of the small portico.

She arose, and with a tone of familiarity she had never before used to her employer, said:

"The young lady is asleep, and I left Eunice to sit with her. After Hans had his supper, he was glad to get to bed himself, for he's been working hard all day, and I came here to watch for you and the doctor, as I supposed you would have something important to say to me, Mrs. Blake."

With a gasp and a shiver, she faltered:

"Yes—I suppose I must speak with you; but I am too much exhausted at this moment. I must go in and try to compose myself before I can bear any new excitement."

"Of course, ma'am. I'll wait till you get over the trembles; but when business that's ticklish-like is to be settled, it's best to have it over and done with. When one knows what one has to depend on, it is easy enough to quiet down—that is, if the terms are satisfactory, and I'm sure I an't going to listen to any as an't so."

With sudden fire, Mrs. Blake asked:

"Do you mean that as a threat?"

There was something in the lurid black eyes that were turned on the woman, which, for a brief space, cowed her, and she deprecatingly said:

"I'm sure as I don't want to make things unpleasant between us, Mrs. Blake. If you choose, we'll pull together in the same harness, and keep things agreeable. You won't find me a difficult person—that is, you know, if you're liberal in your dealings with me."

A hard, bitter laugh came from the rigid lips of Mrs. Blake, and she almost lightly said:

"O yes, I understand. We can do very well together as long as money is to come to you as freely as water or air. Come into the house, Mrs. Muller. My nervousness is over now, and I think it will be better to settle what you justly call this ticklish business at once. I hope though that you'll not quite ruin me by your exactions."

She moved forward as she spoke, and the others followed her into the prettily furnished little parlor in which she had passed so many pleasant hours with her daughter. Again the wild desire to shriek and wring her hands came over her, but she knew that this was no time for the indulgence of a vain grief, and by a violent effort she controlled herself.

Mrs. Muller had lighted the lamp, and she now calmly placed it in such a position as enabled her to see the faces of the two persons with whom she had to deal.

Macon sat down on the sofa near Mrs. Blake, and motioned to Mrs. Muller to draw up a seat in front of them. After a brief silence, the latter asked with some asperity:

"How did you come to suspect that the young girl in this house is not really my daughter? Have you been spying around, and listening at key-holes, when you should have been attending to your own business?"

In an offended tone, the woman replied:

"I didn't come here to answer such questions, but to make terms with you for keeping other people from knowing as much as I know. How I found it out, an't neither here nor there. I have good reason to believe that Miss Hester's gone away to claim the fortune that belongs to this one, and if I'm not paid to hold my tongue, I'm not going to do it—that's all."

Macon here spoke in a conciliating tone:

"Mrs. Blake meant no offence, I am sure. She is very much agitated, and scarcely knows what she is saying, so you must excuse her brusqueness. Since we talked together, you have had several hours to think over what will be necessary to secure your silence, and it will be as well to come to an understanding as speedily as possible. We are quite ready to listen to any reasonable demand."

"That's speaking sense, at any rate, Doctor. *You* know that I an't to be trifled with, though Mrs. Blake don't seem quite to understand that I have her so much in my power that she can't help herself. I an't going to be catechized and put upon, as if I wasn't of no account. Some people as hires out and takes wages are better than them what pays 'em sometimes."

Mrs. Blake clenched her hand and set her teeth hard at these last words, but she did not utter the defiance that arose to her lips. She knew that the ground on which she stood was too uncertain to permit her to retort in any way, and she wisely left Macon to speak for her.

With a light laugh, he said:

"It will be best not to discuss that last question, Mrs. Müller, for I am afraid there is not much goodness to spare among us. I will answer for Mrs. Blake, that she shall treat you with every degree of consideration that you can require. You have been sharp enough to see through our little game, and we must take you in as one of the partners; therefore I ask you plainly at what figure you value your assistance?"

With a sly smile, she replied:

"I an't to be *took in* on any terms, Doctor; but I know what you mean all the same. I have thought over the whole thing by myself, for it wouldn't be safe to trust Hans. He'd flare up, and declare that the young lady should be sent to them what has a right to her; and he'd be sure to go straight to a magistrate and tell him the whole story. He's honest to his finger ends, and he'd never agree to get rich by such crooked ways. So you see I don't dare to say a word to him, and I had to do all my own calculating."

"Very well; it is best not to trust to your husband: that is settled. And now please let us know what is the result of your calculations."

"I have made up my mind that Miss Hester must pay me ten thousand dollars down, or, in place of that, give me a thousand a year for life. If it's the last though, I shall expect five hundred dollars in hand, in addition to the annuity. She's coming into a great fortune, and I don't think that too much to pay, considering what'll happen to her if I speak out."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years amounts to twenty-nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

"THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Oh, papa, dear papa, I'm so glad you've come;
I've been, O *so* lonesome, all day in my home:
I feeded my rabbits, and dressed up my dog,
And tried to teach Tabby—she's dumb as a log!
I sewed on my patchwork, and prickted my thumb,
And mamma stays in *her* room, and won't let me come;
And if I cry tears, then all the folks point,
And laugh when they say, "There's a *nose* out of joint!"

What *does* it mean, papa? I askded the nurse,
And she shut up her mouth just as tight as a purse:
And when I told Bridget, she said, "Now be aisey,
For aren't you old Bridget's wee, darlingest Daisy?"
And the doctor just chucked me right under my chin,
And said, "Little woman, now you must begin
To take care of yourself;" and he too must point
Right *at* me, and say, "Little *nose* out of joint."

I climbed to the mirror, and there I could see;
And, papa, it looked just as straight as could be:
It was not red a mite, nor was there a hump,
As there is on my head when I get a good bump.
I feeled with my hand—not a bit of a bleed,
As there is when I cut me, and get hurt indeed.
Now I'll stick close to you, and you won't let folks point;—
Say, papa, was ever *your* nose out of joint?

And what do you think? we've the cunningest baby—
If you're only good, now, they'll let *you* see, may be;
And dear mamma says it's my own darling sister,
And nurse held me up, and, papa, I kissed her;
And I looked, and I looked, for 'twas not very light,
For baby's eyes ache if the sun shines too bright;
But when *you* go, be sure and don't disappoint:
I would just like to know—"Is *her* nose out of joint?"

If my nose's out of joint, why don't it ache some?
When I hurted my elbow it made the tears come;
When I fell down the stairs, and bumped my head so,
You gave me bad medicine, and bathed it, you know:
And then the musquitoes that come every year,
Their bites always sting. But this is so queer!
I'll lie down in my crib, and then folks won't point
At a baby that's *sick*, and say, "*Nose* out of joint!"

BIMBLE PUBLISHES A PAPER.

AN ADVENTUROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Euripides Bimble had been keeping school in Carroll county, New Hampshire. In the backwoods region where he had been reared he had been regarded as a man of wondrous learning; and, truth to tell, he *had* managed to pick up a goodly stock of general information. He had presided at Town Meeting, and had spoken in the religious meeting, and he had kept school creditably; but the crowning peak of fame was reached when it was found that the "*Euripides*" who had written those stirring political articles for the *Patriot* was none other than the veritable Euripides Bimble of the Great Intervale. Bimble was proud, and yet Bimble was modest. Bimble felt his dignity, and yet he was unassuming. Bimble could write most bitter things in his far-away garret, but face to face with his political opponents he was mildness and goodness personified. In short, Euripides Bimble was a great man upon the rustic banks of Swift River, and his unsophisticated admirers doubted not that he would weigh heavily anywhere.

One Autumn day Walter Effingham came home from the Far West on a visit to his relatives upon the Intervale. Effingham had performed wonders out West. He had bought land, and built mills, and made money; and he was loud in the praise of the Great West. He and Bimble had been schoolmates in the other years, and were friends still.

"Bimble!" cried Effingham, slapping his friend upon the back, "I have just the thing for you at Scalpers' Bluff. Come with me, and publish a paper!"

Euripides caught his breath at the idea. Did Effingham mean that he—Bimble—Euripides Bimble—should *edit* the paper—should have sole management of its columns?

Yes,—Effingham meant just that thing. A few of the business men of Scalpers' Bluff had bought type and press, and all necessary materials for a good printing-office. They had a capable printer already at work on jobs; but they wanted to start a paper—a paper that should open up a knowledge to the world of the immense resources and natural advantages of Scalpers' Bluff and Wild Bottom country,—and to that end they must have a competent editor. Bimble snapped at the bait, and when Walter Effingham returned to the West Euripides Bimble accompanied him.

And the paper was quickly started, the business men of the place furnishing capital, while Bimble pledged the necessary amount of brain; and it was called "*The Scalpers' Bluff Bulletin.*" The season was at the opening of an important political contest, and Bimble's sympathies quickly led him to espouse the Right. Among the political opponents was a man of Wild Bottom, named Cutter Wopper, who was a candidate of the Disruptionists for Representative. Bimble learned, from reliable authority, that Wopper was a drunken, worthless fellow, who had been twice convicted of horse-stealing in a neighboring State, and whose only recommendation to public favor was, that he spent his ill-gotten gains from gambling quite freely among his lawless companions.

Bimble learned all this, and straightway he gave Cutter Wopper the benefit of an article just one column in length, in which said Cutter Wopper was served up most elaborately—served up with about as much dressing of spice and peppery, pungent condiment as it is possible to plaster upon the character of a single individual. Bimble had learned the trade in New Hampshire.

The article created a sensation.

"If Bimble's got the pluck to back that up, it'll kill Wopper, sure," said an adherent of the Right Side.

Bimble didn't know then exactly what "backing up" meant in the Scalpers' Bluff parlance. He knew that in Carroll county he would have backed up the article by substantiating his charges; and this he was prepared to do now. He was a public servant, and he would deal justly,—he was a conservator of the public good, and he would expose the Wrong at all hazards.

One day Bimble sat in his office, and a man entered—a man over six feet high, and framed like a buffalo bull—a man clad in wolf-skin, with bowie-knife and pistols in his girdle.

"Is the Editor here?" asked the man.

"I am the Editor," said Bimble.

The stranger smiled until his brown face was corrugated like the bark of a hemlock tree. Then he pulled a copy of the *Scalpers' Bluff Bulletin* from his pocket, and spread it open.

"I've come to see 'bout this yere article on Cutter Wopper," he resumed. "I s'pose you writ it."

Bimble acknowledged the authorship.

"Waal—now that an't exactly the shoot, old hoss. *I'm* Cutter Wopper!—I'm the very coon. This yer thing may hurt me. I want ye to write a piece different. I'd like for ye just to say in yer next paper 'at ye was entirely mistaken about Cutter Wopper. Can ye do it?"

"Really, sir," said Bimble, sadly puzzled, "I cannot—"

"Hold on!" interrupted the Cyclope, extending a hand that was like the paw of a grizzly bear, "we won't have no words about it. I shall be here next week, and if ye write the honest thing, and print it, I won't take no offence. But if ye'd raythar back that yere article, up with somethin' o' this sort," patting the weapons at his waist, "I'm yer man, and it'll be all right. I'm in town every week,—and I'll call agin. Good-bye, sir."

Cutter Wopper departed, and Euripides Bimble reflected. It was a bitter pill, but discretion told him to take it. He made further inquiries concerning Mr. Wopper, and discovered that he had not before learned half of that man's bold and reckless wickedness. He would as lief shoot or knife a man as to eat.

In the end Bimble sat down and wrote as his instinct of self-preservation dictated. He was sorry if he had done injustice to "our fellow-citizen," Mr. Cutter Wopper. In what he had written in his previous issue he had been misled by the calumniating reports of others; but he was now *obliged* to state that, from authority which *ought to be* reliable, he had learned that his ill impressions of Mr. Wopper had been false, and that he had inadvertently done the gentleman great injustice.

On the following week Mr. Wopper ordered two hundred copies of the paper for circulation in the Wild Bottom district; and a month later he was elected to the Legislature.

Bimble made up his mind that he was not cut out for a political leader in such a country, and he resolved to confine himself to matters of general interest, and to cultivate, if possible, a literary taste in the community of Scalpers' Bluff. Here, at least, he should be at home. Here he could wield his critic's pen without fear of such interlopers as Mr. Cutter Wopper.

For a time things went quite smoothly, though the patrons began to complain that the paper was growing tame and watery. One day



Bimble received, by mail, an original poem for publication. It was entitled "LINES TO MY SALLY," and was the most execrable thing he had ever seen in manuscript—abominable both in composition and in sentiment, and as innocent of all knowledge of English grammar as the wail of a wolf. It was signed "GRIZZLY."

A brilliant idea possessed Bimble. In his next issue he published a series of "Notices to Correspondents," in which he alluded to "LINES TO MY SALLY," by GRIZZLY, as one of the most brilliant and pathetic productions he had ever read. It was a literary jewel from the mine of genius. He was sorry that he had not room for it in his present issue. What could transcend, in touching pathos, these lines:

"On a rock sot Sal., luckin gud enuf ter ete;
Ant she a trump, and a bower throwd in?"

But he must forbear. If the poem was ever to be published, it must not be mutilated by present extracts.

Bimble smiled when he had written the article; and he smiled again when he read it in proof. He regarded it as excessively funny, and he had no doubt that his readers would do the same.

A few days thereafter Bimble sat again in his sanctum, when the outer door was opened, and a man entered who might have been a ghost of the giant Blunderbore, only he was too substantial for a spectre. He was tall and gaunt, dressed in catamount skins, and when he spoke his voice sounded like the rumbling of falling rocks.

"Whar's the editor?" he asked.

Bimble nodded, and said he was the man.

"Good!" rumbled the stranger. "I'm glad I've lit on yer. It does me good ter see ye."

Bimble thanked him.

"I happened daown, an' thought I'd call."

Bimble invited the man to be seated, but the offer was not accepted.

"I'm heyr to see 'baout the piece I writ."

"The piece, sir?—that you wrote?"

"Yaas—I'm *Grizzly*—'*The Wild Bottom Grizzly*,' folks call me on the river. I writ the piece to 'MY SALLY.' You say sumth'n 'bout it in yer last paper, and Cut. Wopper says he thinks you was puttin' it on me—stuffin'—when ye said 'twas brilliant and p'thetic, an' a jewel from the mine o' genius. That's what Wopper says,—an' I thought I'd jest drop in and see how 'twas."

"Mercy!" cried Bimble, "how could I have been so misunderstood?"

"Then ther' wa'n't no stuffin' 'bout it?"

"Certainly not."

"'Cause, ef there had been, I'd jest a let ye see 'at I ken tote a bowie-knife or a pistol better 'n I ken a pen. But, Mister Bimble, p'r'aps ye'd jest show fair by publishin' that yer piece. I'd like for Sal. Wopper to see it in print; and her brother Cut. would like it, too."

"Sally is a sister of our fellow-citizen, Cutter Wopper, Esquire?"

"Yaas,—an' that's wat made Cut. so quick to set me on yer trail. I reckon you'll print the hull on it, won't ye?"

"Certainly,—with pleasure. I will do anything, my dear sir, to oblige a friend of our respected fellow-citizen, Cutter Wopper."

"All right. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye."

Euripides Bimble did not remain at Scalpers' Bluff to issue another number of the *Bulletin*. He did not like the constituency. He did not deem that a man of his temperament could do himself justice in the chair editorial where the pen had to play second part to the pistol and bowie-knife, and where a brain was good for nothing unless backed up by muscle. Bimble is now teaching school in his native State, and when he wishes to exhibit to his scholars a striking illustration of the blessings of education which they enjoy, as compared with the benighted condition of men in the Western wilds, he shows to them the original manuscript of the poem by *The Wild Bottom Grizzly*.

Nervous Affections.

An impression made on one part of the body will often produce a nervous affection elsewhere, at a distance from the original seat of the disease, and where no such obvious explanation of the fact presents itself. A disease in the liver produces a pain in the right shoulder; a disease in the heart produces a pain in the back. The late Dr. Wollaston was accustomed to relate the following: He ate some ice-cream after dinner, which his stomach seemed incapable of digesting. Some time afterward, when he had left the dinner-table to go to the drawing-room, he found himself lame from a violent pain in one ankle. Suddenly he became sick; the ice-cream was rejected from the stomach, and this was followed by an instantaneous relief of the pain in the foot.

FRANKLIN'S INDEPENDENCE.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was waited upon by one of the wealthiest men of the city, who offered him an article for publication in his newspaper. The publisher glanced his eyes over the piece, and requested the gentleman to call on the morrow.

On the following day the author called, and asked what was the decision upon his article.

"Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it grossly scurrilous and defamatory. I have concluded not to publish it."

"Sir!" cried the gentleman, in amaze, "do you know what you are doing? Do you think what the influence of myself and my friends may be, either for or against you, as we choose to exert it?"

"I have thought of it," said Franklin, with solemn earnestness. "On account of my poverty I hesitated, and tried to persuade myself that the publication of the article in the present issue of my paper would be pardonable. Last night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which, with a mug of water, I made my evening's meal. Then I laid me down in my greatcoat, with a roll of paper for my pillow, and slept soundly until the break of day, when another two-penny loaf and mug of water afforded me a sufficient breakfast. And now, sir, since I live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion and malice, for a more luxurious living?"

The gentleman departed, utterly unable to longer face the incorruptible man; but he did not become Franklin's enemy. On the contrary, his admiration for the sterling character and moral worth of the poor printer, led him to offer his devoted friendship, which was accepted, and which remained true to the end. C.

SCIENCE.

In a paper on the moose-deer, read by Dr. Gilpin, before the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science, at Halifax, he calls attention to the singular analogy between certain features of the moose, as the shortness of its neck, its great height, and its prehensile lip, and the like features of the equatorial elephant and giraffe. In some respects he thinks it more resembles large wading birds, and from frequenting marshes and lakes it becomes straddling and weak-footed, so that its hind leg, when compared with that of the greyhound and the hare, the most fleet-footed of animals, is found to be of a precisely opposite form. He thinks the elk of Sweden identical with the moose of Nova Scotia, and does not believe that there is really more than one variety in the latter province.

Perhaps no group of stars is more generally known than the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, as they are often called in the country. In this cluster there is a nebula or star-cloudlet invisible to the naked eye, but which can ordinarily be seen with the aid of a telescope. Mr. H. W. Hollis, however, a member of the Observing Astronomical Society of Bristol, England, says that he has searched for this nebula with his eight-inch telescope, but cannot now find it, and he adds, "There is something peculiar about all the brighter stars of this group, which for months past have appeared to me as if surrounded with nebulous light. Can the nebula have been distributed among them?"

In his new treatise on geographical botany Professor Grisebach divides the world into twenty-four distinct plant regions, five of which are in North America: namely, the forest region of North America; the prairies, including the southwestern portion of the United States; California; the Mexican region, including the greater number of the States of Central America; and the West Indies, together with Yucatan. Alfred W. Bennett, in the *Academy*, says that this classification undoubtedly possesses greater claims to be considered a natural one than any that had been proposed before.

A discussion recently took place in the Victoria Institute on Sir John Lubbock's statement that man was originally a savage, and without religious knowledge, in which the Rev. G. Percy Badger severely criticised that author because he preferred the authority of the Greek historian, Herodotus, whose writings betrayed ignorance on several points—as, for example, where he refused to believe that snow could exist in a land with black inhabitants—to the writings of Moses, which, as writings even, were of a much higher order.

The Egyptian province of Taka, which is the northern continuation of the highlands of Abyssinia, was described by Pliny, the Roman naturalist, as a region "possessing scarcely any trees of importance except those bearing wool." The statements of modern travellers substantially confirm this assertion, although they show that what Pliny thought was wool must in reality have been cotton, as the cotton plant is native to the province and has always grown wild there in the utmost profusion.

White Island, on the east coast of New Zealand, in the Bay of Plenty, is a volcanic cone about three miles and a half in circumference, rising out of the sea to a height of eight hundred and sixty feet, and overhung by a cloud of vapor which is visible at a great distance, and from which the island obtains its name. The crater is perpetually active, and access to the shores is difficult. By reason of its fixed position, the white cloud above the summit forms an excellent beacon for navigators.

A German physiologist has made some experiments upon frogs for the purpose of ascertaining whether the excitability of the nerves is increased or lessened by stretching them with weights. The extension produced by weights of less than forty grammes caused no material diminution, but under a greater weight than that the excitability rapidly decreased.

Captain Thomas Long, who in the year 1867 discovered the Polar country called Wrangell's Land, north of Cape Yakan, in Siberia, has written a letter in which he avows the belief that a vessel, properly equipped, could make the passage from Behring's Strait to the Atlantic through the Arctic Ocean within one year from the time of passing the Strait.

The value of scientific knowledge in the conduct of military operations was well illustrated by the statement of General Lindsay, at the recent dinner of the London Institution of Civil Engineers, that one half the losses of the army in the Crimea might have been saved, if the detachment of civil engineers had arrived a little earlier.

A complete set of skulls of all the varieties of the dog is to be collected for exhibition by Mr. Flower, Professor of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Novaja Semlja is the new form in which some of the German and English scientific journals spell the name of the Arctic island Nova Zembla.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STONEWALL says: "Having been a subscriber to your valuable paper for the past three or four years, and having seen so much good advice which you have given to those who ask it, I have taken the liberty of requesting a small share, hoping that you will have the kindness to reply through the *Ledger*. I am a boy, not yet eighteen years old; have gone to school three or four years, and acquired what is termed a common-school education; and like most young Americans, I am somewhat ambitious, and, I fear, aspire to more glory and renown than will ever fall to my lot, for unfortunately I haven't the means to gratify my somewhat literary taste; so I will have to rest contented for the present, and console myself by remembering the line,

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

Now what I want to know is this: Whether a thorough college course, and knowledge of the languages, are necessary to a boy who has his living to earn in the counting-room, but wants to be well informed, so as to be of some use in the world. Will not a good commercial education answer every purpose? By answering the above, you will confer a lasting favor." Great numbers of most useful, successful, and *well-educated* men, did not enjoy a college or a classical training; and many have had this advantage and never became well educated. Education is the training of the mind for the duties it has to do in life. Consider what your duties are to be, and begin by being thorough *on them*. You will learn a good deal by the way in this process, and so become a well-informed and intelligent man; and by and by may find leisure to read and learn outside your own department.

A. B. & C. D. write: "Will you be kind enough to answer the following case, and accept thanks of two readers of your paper for so doing. A country merchant buys a bill of goods in New York, and in payment remits the check of another party, which is made payable to the city firm, and is not endorsed by the sender. The city parties send receipt in full. The check turns out worthless. Now, do the city parties still hold the country merchant, or only the name on the paper? I contend that there has really been no payment, and that we still hold the buyer. My friend holds that the country merchant was released by our accepting the check, and that we must look to the drawer of the check for payment. Please decide, and oblige." You do not state all the facts which comprise the controlling elements of the case. Was the check worthless at the time the country merchant sent it to the city firm? Did the country merchant part with any value for the check, to the drawer of it? How long did the city firm keep it before they notified the sender that it was worthless? Did their delay in notifying him cause him to lose his chance of getting the amount of the check from the maker of it? Was the country merchant in collusion with the maker of the check? or had he reason for believing, or had he the means of knowing that it was worthless? The facts at which these questions point all enter into the merits of the case, and would have to be considered in deciding it. It looks as though the country merchant and the maker of the check understood one another, and the chances are that if the city firm should sue their customer for the value of the goods, they would be able to get judgment against him for the amount.

ORPHAN says: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last eight years, I would like to ask you a few questions about a certain young lady that happens to be an orphan, and in whom I take a great interest. The case is as follows: She has no one to take any interest in her except an aunt and uncle, and they are paid for the keeping of her and two little children. The aunt gets one thousand dollars a year for the keeping of the three, and yet she does not clothe or feed them properly, nor send them to school, and lets the little ones run about the live-long day, against the remonstrances of the neighbors. I should have said that this aunt is paid by an uncle of the young lady in New York, and I don't think he knows anything about it. And it happens that this aunt here is her guardian. Now then the questions are: Can she compel her guardian to school and clothe her and her sisters, and not to make her work for other people when her board and clothing are paid for? She is not allowed any pleasure at all, and cannot be seen in company on account of her poor clothing. She cries and moans over her poor lot, and asked me to drop you a few lines to the above effect. I hope you can get the meaning out of it, and answer it for the sake of an orphan." You should get the address of the uncle in New York, and write to him about the matter, stating the exact truth. If what you say is correct, the case certainly needs looking into by some one who will have the power to see justice done in behalf of the orphans.

CLINTON (San Francisco) says: "I have been keeping company with a young lady, whom I highly esteem, for a year or more; have repeatedly taken her to places of amusement during that time; in fact have shown her all attention possible. A few days ago, the lady told me that a lady friend of hers and mine had told her that she should not in future consider me a friend, for that a mutual friend pretended to have heard me make certain remarks which were very disrespectful toward the young lady. I am not aware of ever speaking of my lady love only in words of praise. The young lady does not credit the story; however, she refuses to give me the name of the author, for she promised not to tell, and says, by telling me, we would both make an enemy of that party. I hold that I should know the name of the pretended friend, for I ignore such friendship. The lady does not agree with me, so we have concluded to leave the question for you to decide, and we shall be governed by your decision." If the young lady does not believe this story and does not mean to act on it, or to disclose the name of the informant, it is difficult to see what object she could have in repeating it to you. Possibly the thing is so entirely "pretended" that you will be safe in attaching no further importance to it. Ladies have great privileges, and are almost absolute in the use of them.

J. E. E. (Cobourg) says: "A great many of my friends say that the two columns of 'Notices to Correspondents' are all made up at the *Ledger* office. I have often thought of writing to you, but never had anything worth writing about until now. The other evening I was out rowing, and had the misfortune to break one of the row-locks. I was a long way from shore, so, seeing a young gentleman to whom I never had had an introduction, but we knew each other by sight, I asked him to lend me one of his row-locks, which he did, as he had two he was not using. Now what I want to know is this: should I, the next time I see him, bow to him or not? I hope to see an answer to this in your valuable paper." It will be civil to bow to that young gentleman next time you meet him, but in such a way as not to suggest to his mind—young men are so vain—that you wish to go in the same boat with him for life. And let us suggest that next time you go on the water when he is there, you examine the row-locks before starting. Now you know where this question was manufactured, don't you?

CLARA (Texas) says: "Being a young girl of eighteen, and with few friends, I am constrained to come to you for advice; and it is this that I would ask of you: Three years ago I left school, being too poor to attend. Since then a relative died, leaving me several thousand dollars. I have a sufficient sum to give myself a finished education. And now, dear Mr. Editor, would you advise me to spend my money in this way, or do you think I am too old to enter school again? I am very fond of my books, and have not been idle during these years; but nevertheless I am not far advanced. How long do you suppose it would take me to graduate? What do you think of my writing? And what is the meaning of the proverb, 'rich as Crœsus?' By answering these questions you will confer a lasting favor on an old subscriber of your very good paper." We advise you to take a couple of years at school; whether you graduate or not is less important than that you get the education. Your writing is careful. Crœsus was an oriental king of antiquity, famous for his wealth; and hence the proverb.

VIOLA X. S. (Ohio) says: "I have read your answers to correspondents with much pleasure, and have come to you for the first time, asking your opinion on this subject: Would it be proper now to recognize an usher of a church whom you have seen for the past year or two, every Sunday, without an introduction? and if so, would it be proper to recognize him in the street? Would it be too late to begin now? By answering these questions you will confer the greatest pleasure to the writer." If the usher has been ushering you into your pew for a year, we can see no objection to a civil notice of him any more than to the notice of any other respectable citizen with whom you are brought into contact in life. We should notice the "gentleman who blacks our boots," on Fifth Avenue; and if we passed him by without a fitting recognition, should feel that we, and not he, had been degraded. Of course, if the usher has no contact with you, it is a different matter. If he has, and you have not noticed him before, when meeting him, then you are "never too late to mend."

A CONSTANT READER (New Orleans) says: "I am about fourteen years of age, and am president of a young men's social club, each about fourteen years, and it is my duty to assign a name to the club, but each one was disliked, and therefore ask your assistance in giving me a suitable name, or motto, through the correspondents' column of your interesting paper." We decline the honor with thanks. These young men of fourteen years of age are associated for mutual improvement and the cultivation of useful powers. Proper self-reliance is a first requisite to success in life. Let them find among themselves a proper name, and in agreeing on it, learn that co-operation must always be bought by concessions of one's preferences in some things. The president's style is a little abrupt, and the friendly criticism of the Club will do him good. He must try again.

INQUIRER (Vienna, Va.) says: "Will you inform the writer, in your Notices to Correspondents, if there is any value in one of Benjamin Franklin's old papers, *The New England Courant*, published in Boston, February, 1723. It is printed on a single sheet, say six inches by ten, on both sides, and is in good preservation. As a curiosity, we think some one might consider it of more value than ourselves." Some curiosity gatherer, or some Historical Society, would doubtless pay you a good price for the sheet referred to. Such things sometimes bring high prices. Write to the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia.

PORTE CRAYON (Washington, D. C.) says: "Is it perfectly proper for a girl of sixteen to ask a young man several years older than herself for his picture, or is it his place to present her with one?" If he is a relative, or has engaged to marry the young lady, she may ask for the portrait. If not, the request may be misunderstood, and is hardly within that dignified reserve which American maidens will do well to cultivate.

MATRIMONY (Trenton, N. J.) says: "In soliciting the hand of a young lady in marriage, should the gentleman consult the lady's mother, as well as father? On which side of the groom should the bride stand during the marriage ceremony? Your kind reply in 'answers' will greatly oblige." Most certainly. It is most convenient for the bride to be on the groom's left hand.

J. P. M. (Columbus, Ga.) asks: "Where can I get a book on parliamentary rules, or such a one as I can learn the rules from?" Ask for "Jefferson's Manual" at any bookstore.

H. C. DAMON (St. Louis, Mo.) says: "The following subject came up in debate recently, myself being one of the debaters, and as no decisive conclusion could be drawn from the arguments, we agreed to leave it to the *Ledger*. Take a young man, say twenty-two years of age, a person of sound mind, well educated, physically strong, and place him upon an island entirely isolated from the world. He remains there twenty years without ever seeing a human being, or having the use of a single book or any kind of print whatever, and has his health preserved intact for that period. Then place him back among his former associates; would it be possible for an intelligent person to forget his language, or lose the power of speech? Also, take an infant and place it in the same position for any number of years, and let Providence favor it with life and good health, do you think that it would form a language of its own? or would it be like the brute creation, insensible to expression? By answering this at your earliest opportunity, you will oblige a subscriber of eight years." We have been asked what would the effect be of an irresistible force striking an immovable body, and in the busy movement of practical life have never had time to settle the answer. Your unsolved problem is in the same category, and when we have got all the more pressing questions issued we shall take up this, and let you know the result. At present we can only hazard a "guess" that, as we think in words, a man must cease to think before he ceases to remember language. Certainly persons who have long discontinued the use of a language are not fluent in it, but their case is not in point, as they have another in which to speak and think. It is believed that language is learned by hearing speech. A deaf mute has organs of speech, but cannot hear, and does not learn to speak. So it would be with the infant, in all probability.

ODD says: "I will preface this by saying that I am not—as every other applicant for information seems to be—"a constant reader," or an "eighteen year subscriber," etc., but will simply say that I am puzzled upon a certain question, and as this is in your line, and you appear to be posted, I come to you asking that I may receive. I sat and listened to two young men the other day disputing about the creation of man. One of them contended that whereas God created man among the rest of his work, in the six days spoken of, and as the Bible speaks afterward of his creating Adam in the garden of Eden, and not until Adam had lived alone for some time did he create Eve to be his companion, then there must have been *two* distinct races created in the beginning. I don't know anything about it; do you? If you do, and will, here's an eligible opportunity of enlightening three young men. That's all I want to know. I don't care anything about my handwriting, nor to apologize for troubling you, length of letter, etc., but am—if you accommodate me this time—yours." How, assuming your friend's view, could there be two distinct races out of one pair? But there is no evidence of Adam's creation and Eve's being on different days. It is the way of Scripture, as indeed of most compositions, to finish a general subject, and then, if a particular part of it is to be continued, to go back and take it up. So it is in Genesis. Creation as a whole is in the first chapter. Afterward the sacred writer goes back and gives the history of the family relation, etc.

A MAN OF WOE says: "Please advise me. I am in a sad position. I am a plain man. I had a pretty wife, but, alas! she deserted me several months ago, because I petted and spoiled her. She told me she would go to Baltimore to see her relatives, and return in one month. Five days afterward I received a note stating she would never return. Now my whole future is poisoned, and I despise all women, and believe them deceitful, because she whom I thought the very soul of honor is false. I would rather have buried her, or been buried myself, than been deceived by the wife I idolized. I had no hope, no joy, no life, that was not for her happiness. Pardon this long letter, and please answer three questions: 1. What course shall I pursue to get over this misery? 2. Will I ever cease to despise and mistrust the sex? I should like to. 3. When a woman proves false to her husband, or leaves him, if he takes her back, does not he lack moral courage, or is it irresistible fate, or both? Please answer immediately." 1. To get over your misery, go to work as hard as you can at some useful employment, think as little of yourself as possible, and be an attentive reader of your Bible. 2. It is not probable that you will "always despise and mistrust the sex." Some member of it will be pretty apt to restore your confidence in at least *one* of the sex. 3. It depends on what the offence of the wife is, whether a man shows a lack of moral courage or not, in forgiving her. *There is no such thing as irresistible fate, in the sense in which you use it.*

C. R. DE G. (St. Louis) writes: "I am in a fix, and don't know what to do. I did my duty in the war to the best of my knowledge, and escaped many dangers which required both pluck and coolness; but then there was no lady in the case, and, to tell the truth, it is harder to face one woman than a dozen men. Well, the young lady in question I have known from the time she was a child, and many times told her she was my little wife, without thinking any more about it. She is everything a man might wish—truthful, smart and intelligent, a good daughter, and I would hazard my life on her faithfulness. I once loved a young lady, and she went back on me, marrying a rich man, and I have never had any such feeling since. It is my nature, and I can't conquer it. I don't exactly love the present one, yet I esteem her highly, and I don't think that I could like another better. She is perfectly satisfied, and her friends are. I had never any idea of getting married, but then her friends give me hints that it is about time for me to do something. I am poor, not very smart, and crippled; so it is not my money or my good looks that attract her. She says I am good enough for her if she is young and good looking, and I do not like to doubt her, as I never knew her to tell an untruth. I am a soldier and a man of honor, and would like to do the square thing; but I confess I do not know what to do. So please help me out of my fix." Get a clergyman to help you out by performing the marriage ceremony. That is the best way.

T. J. McD. (Brooklyn) says: "As a constant reader of your truly valuable paper, may I ask you to answer the following questions in your next issue of the *Ledger*: Can an alien who arrived in this country in 1866, and who was then of age, take out his full citizen papers without first getting what is called first papers? And if he gets his full citizen papers without getting his half, or first papers, does he become a citizen of the United States in a legal point of view? I mean, can he vote in 1872 without violating the laws of the State? I anxiously hope you will throw some light on the above, and always wish your journal success." Having come to the country an adult, the time of residence is of no account before you have declared your intentions. The legal interval must elapse between your declaration of intentions and your admission to citizenship.

J. H. (Philadelphia) writes: "Through hard work and saving, I have accumulated a small sum of money. I wish to ask your advice as to the best way for me of investing it. Having read concerning the bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad, I wish to know your opinion of their safety. Would you advise me putting my money in them? or, if not, will you please tell me where I can invest to advantage? I am not particular as regards a high rate of interest. I am more anxious as regards the safety. I would put it in government bonds, were it not for the fact they are liable to be called in soon. My mother having lost her earnings in a defunct saving institution, advises me not to put it in any savings bank." You cannot do better than to buy United States bonds. There is no danger of the debt being all paid off very soon.

VETERAN says: "Will you please inform me through your answers to correspondents if the State of New York gives diplomas to soldiers who went from that State, and have got honorable discharges? I served in a New York regiment until the close of the war. Since then, I have lived in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and both of those States give them to their soldiers, but I have never heard of the Empire State remembering her boys as much as that. How is my writing, for a left arm?" You had better address a letter of inquiry, stating your age, regiment, time of service, and other particulars, to the Secretary of the Governor at Albany, and inquire what recognition of your service the State gives. Your writing is "all right," though with the left hand.

MONTREAL writes: "I have been keeping company with a young man for the last three years. He loves me, and wants me to marry him, but I am afraid that I do not love him enough to marry him, and besides, it seems as if he has no friends, for all who speak of him to me say that they don't like him. Now, do you think that I could be happy with him if I should marry him; or do you think that I could change him, so that he would not be so much disliked by everybody that knows him?" We do not think you could be happy with him, and are afraid you are already too deeply interested to be happy without him. Never marry a man thinking you can change him. Such a belief has shipwrecked many a life.

AN INQUIRER (Schenectady, N. Y.)—probably anxious—says: "At which side of the bride does the groom stand when the marriage ceremony is performed by an Episcopal clergyman? and is the position reversed when the ceremony is performed by Baptist and other orthodox ministers?" We are not aware of any such distinction. The bridegroom should stand where he can, with the least inconvenience to the bride, take her right hand in his. You can learn this by experiment.

ADDIA AND MARY (Lafayette, Ind.) ask: "If there were only two doves in the ark, and one was sent out and never returned, how was the breed continued?" If you would read your Bibles, you would have no need to ask such questions. By turning to the seventh chapter of Genesis, and reading the first three verses, you will find that Noah was commanded to take into the ark, "Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of the earth."

USURY asks: "Should a person loan a sum of money at a higher rate of interest than that established by law, would it cause a legal forfeiture of both principal and interest, or interest only?" It is all a matter of State legislation. In some States only the interest is forfeited, in others both interest and principal. In some there is, in addition, punishment by imprisonment.

SHAKESPEARE (San Francisco) says: "Will you please tell me, in your answers to correspondents, the definition or translation of the words, '*Et tu brute!*' as used by Cæsar when stabbed by Brutus?" The words mean, "And thou, O Brutus!"

ONE WHO WAITS, (Troy, N. Y.)—We know nothing about the professional standing of the persons of whom you inquire. It is a safe rule never to send money to strangers, nor to apply to them for professional advice on critical matters.

WHITE (St. Louis) says: "Please give me the plural of Mrs.—I mean the abbreviation. For instance, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith keep a boarding-house." *Mesdames* is the usual word prefixed to the list of two or more married ladies.

J. W. (Charlestown) asks: "Will you please tell me what will take the redness out of the face?" Generally, to stop drinking.

, *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*